DOCTOR WHO SPECIAL 2012

The story so far…

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdrive He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

CHAPTER 1: IN-FEZ-STATION
Story by Len Wein
Art by Matthew Dow Smith
Colors by Adrian Salmon

CHAPTER 2: TIME FRAUD
Story by Richard Dinnick
Art by Josh Adams
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff

CHAPTER 3: ESCAPE INTO ALCATRAZ
Story by Tony Lee
Art and colors by Mitch Gerads

CHAPTER 4: THE EAGLE OF THE REICH
Story by Andy Diggle
Art by Mark Buckingham
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff

Cover Art by Mark Buckingham
Cover Colors by Charlie Kirchoff
Lettering by Shawn Lee
Edited by Denton J. Tipton

Special thanks to Kate Bush, Georgie Britton, Caroline Skinner, Denise Paul, and Ed Casey at BBC Worldwide for their invaluable assistance.

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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DOCTOR WHO SPECIAL 2012

THE PLACE: THE EXOTIC CITY OF FEZ IN THE EVEN MORE EXOTIC NATION OF MOROCCO.

THE TIME: LET'S SAY IT'S A WEEK FROM THIS COMING THURSDAY, FOR ALL THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

IN A SHADOWY SIDE ALLEY, THE HUMID AIR IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE IRRITATING THRUM OF AN UNSEEN, OVER-REVVED ENGINE—

VWORP VWORP

—FOLLOWED INSTANTS LATER BY AN ANTIQUE, BRIGHT BLUE POLICE CALL BOX THAT BLURS INTO VIEW AND QUICKLY EMPTIES THE ALLEY...

VWORP VWORP

...FOR A MOMENT, THE POLICE BOX STANDS ALONE—

—THEN, SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, THE BATTERED BLUE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND...

SNIFF SNIFF

HMMMM... THE SMELL OF WEEK-OLD COUSCOUS AND WET CAMEL...

IN-FEZ-STATION!

Written by Len Wein • Art by Matthew Dow Smith • Colors by Adrian Salmon
Lettering by Shawn Lee • Edited by Denton J. Tipton

NOW HURRY UP, PONDS. WE'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.
THINGS ARE GOING TO START GETTING ALL HOT AND BOTHERED AROUND HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.
HOT AND BOTHERED HOW?
WHAT HAVE YOU DRAGGED US INTO THE MIDDLE OF THIS TIME?
OH, DEAR, NOTHING DANGEROUS.

WE'RE MERELY HERE TO OBSERVE THE CITY'S WORLD-FAMOUS, CENTURIES-OLD FESTIVAL OF SACRED MUSIC. THIS YEAR IT'S GONE WORLDWIDE.
IT'S BEEN ON MY TO-DO LIST FOR AGES NOW—

—AND I FIGURED IT WAS FINALLY TIME FOR ME TO GET AROUND TO IT.
UM, I KNOW I'M GOING TO REGRET ASKING THIS—
—BUT JUST HOW LONG IS AN IMMORTAL'S TO-DO LIST, ANYWAY?

HMMMM... LET ME SEE...
...ADD THE SEVEN...
...MULTIPLY BY THREE...
...CARRY THE FOUR...

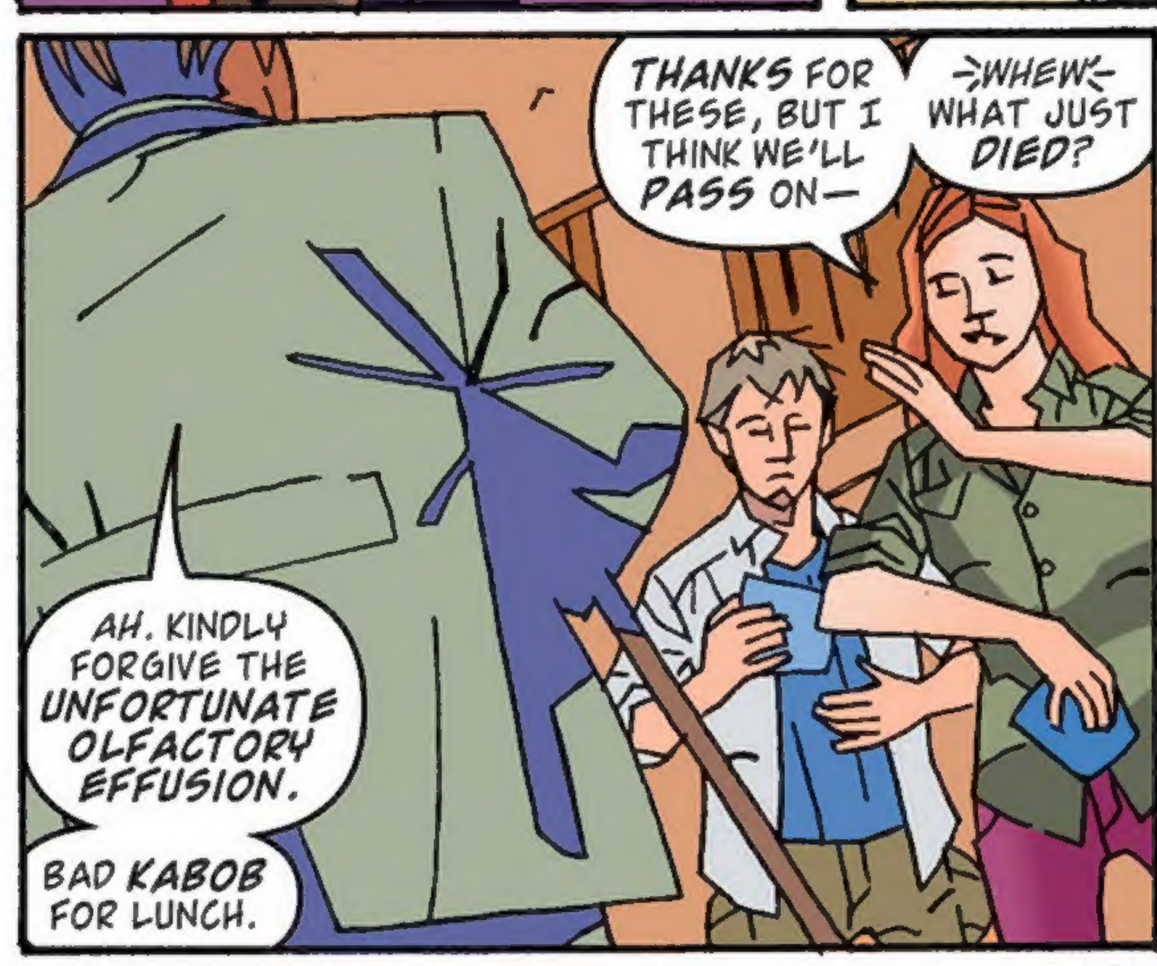
...APPROXIMATELY 1,453 PAGES AT LAST COUNT.
KNEW I'D REGRET ASKING.

NOW THAT'S INTERESTING.
WHAT IS?
WELL, TRADITIONALLY, ONLY THE MEN OF MOROCCO WEAR THE ACTUAL FEZ—
—BUT ALL THE LOCAL WOMEN APPEAR TO BE WEARING THEM, TOO.

GUESS EVERYONE HAS FINALLY FIGURED OUT JUST HOW COOL FEZZES ARE.
WHY, OF COURSE.
WHAT OTHER REASON COULD THERE POSSIBLY BE?

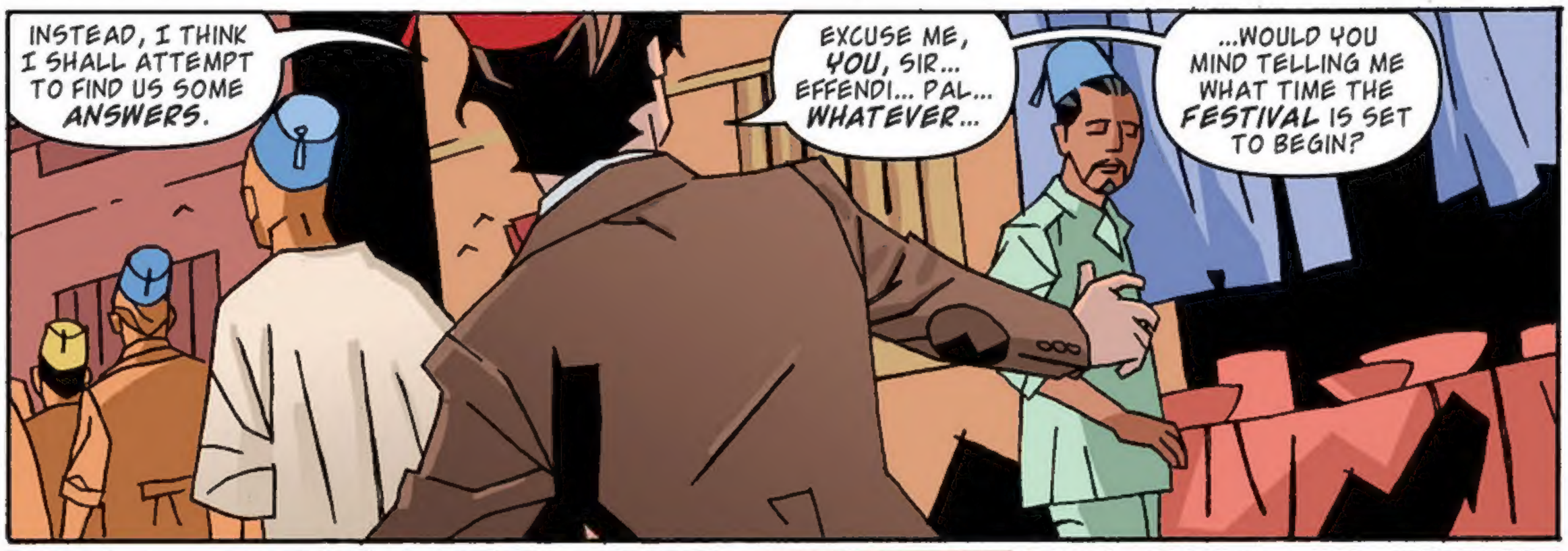
PLEASE TO EXCUSE ME, EFFENDIS—
—BUT I COULD NOT HELP BUT TO NOTICE THAT TWO OF YOU ARE NOT WEARING THE FEZ.
NOTHING GETS PAST YOU, DOES IT?

IT WOULD BE MY HONOR TO BESTOW UPON YOU EACH A FEZ OF YOUR OWN.


THANKS FOR THESE, BUT I THINK WE'LL PASS ON—
-WHEW- WHAT JUST DIED?
AH. KINDLY FORGIVE THE UNFORTUNATE OLFACTORY EFFUSION.
BAD KABOB FOR LUNCH.

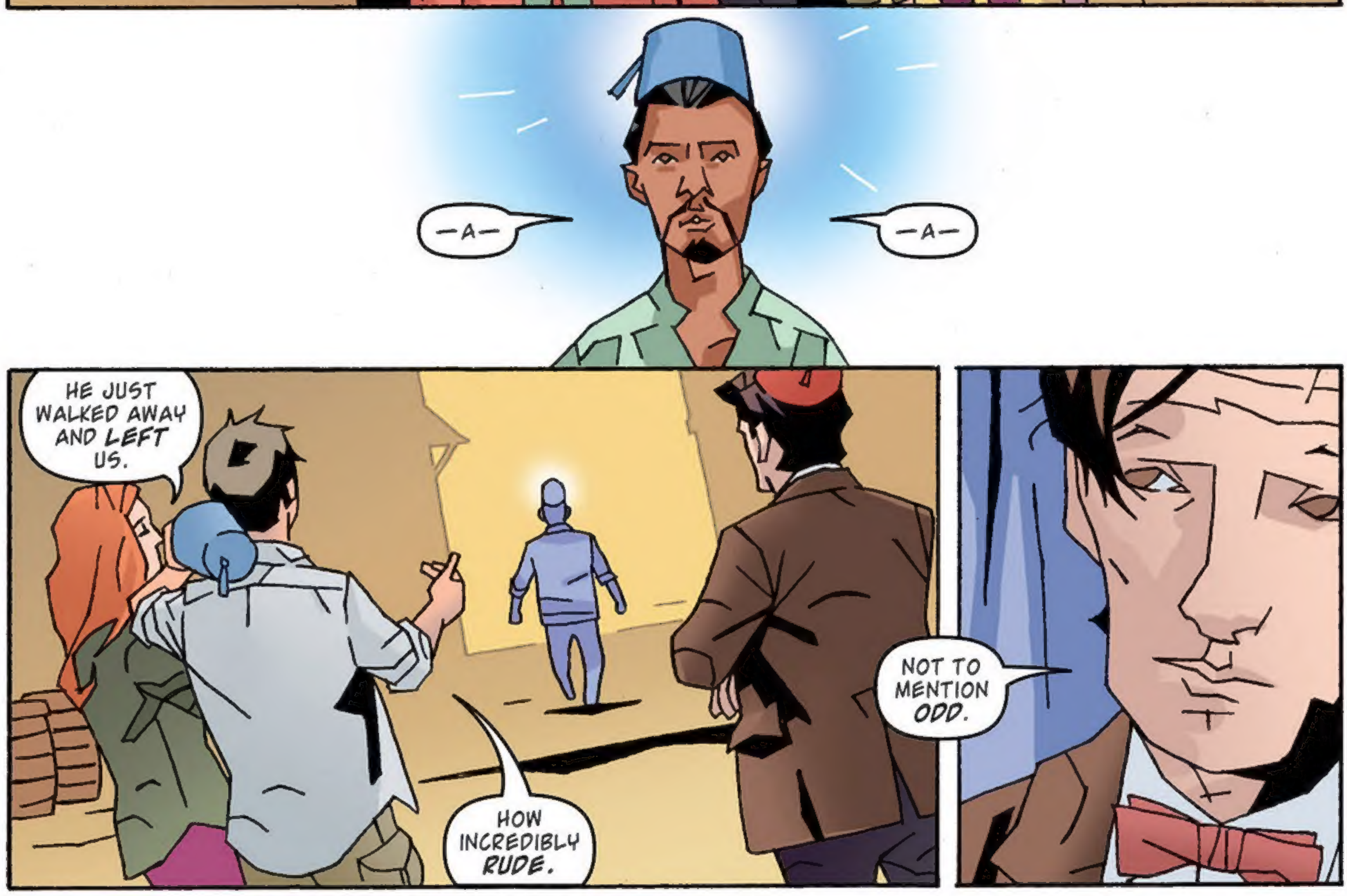
BUT THE FACT IS, NO ONE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE MUSIC FESTIVAL WITHOUT WEARING THE FEZ—
—SO I FEAR THE CHOICE IS YOURS.
SALAAM ALECHEM.

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU DIDN'T SET THIS UP, DOCTOR?
WHY, AMY, I OUGHT TO BE OFFENDED INDEED.

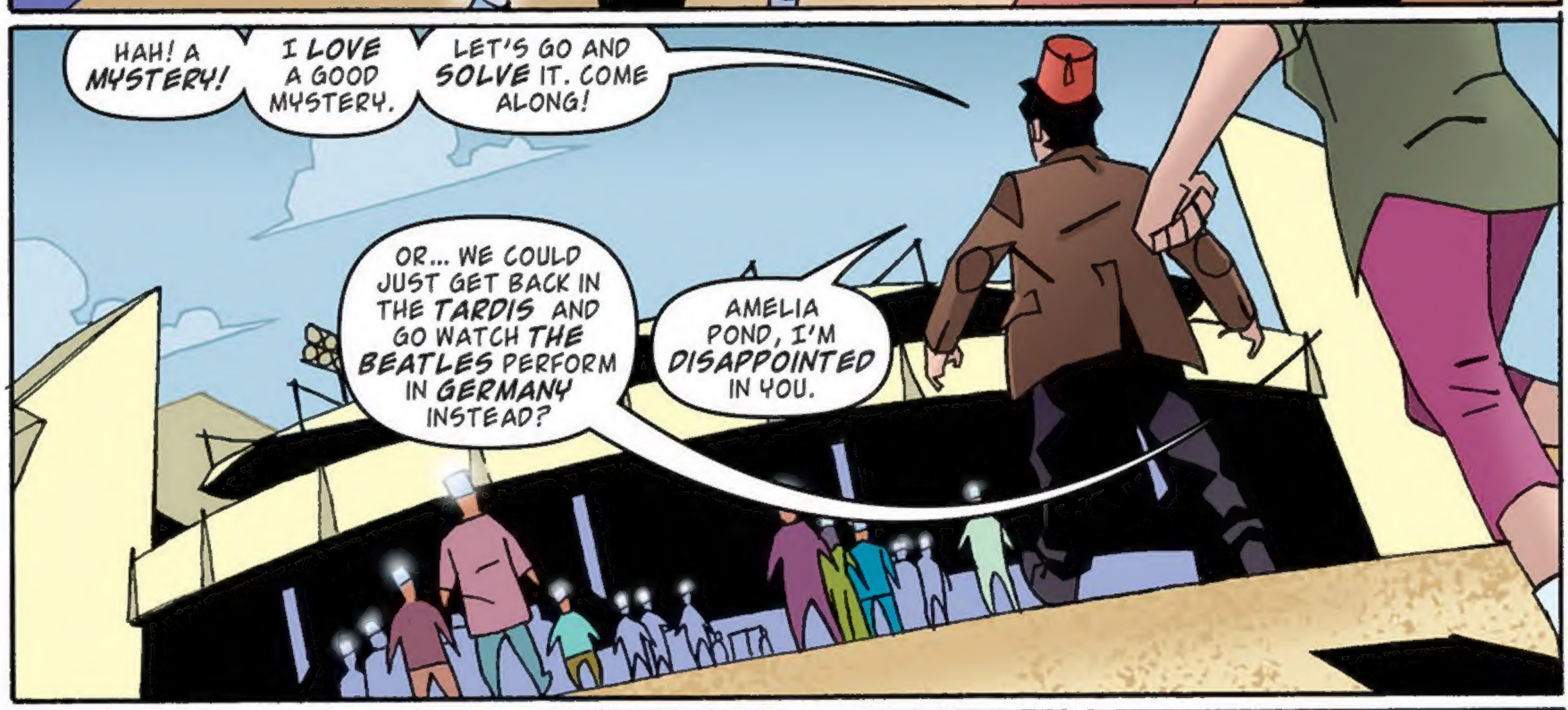

INSTEAD, I THINK I SHALL ATTEMPT TO FIND US SOME ANSWERS.
EXCUSE ME, YOU, SIR... EFFENDI... PAL... WHATEVER...
...WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT TIME THE FESTIVAL IS SET TO BEGIN?

DON'T KNOW. DON'T CARE.
DON'T HAVE ANY INTEREST WHATSOEVER IN EVEN ATTENDING THE WRETCHED THING.

I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT A—
THAT MUSIC?!
THE CONCERT'S STARTED!

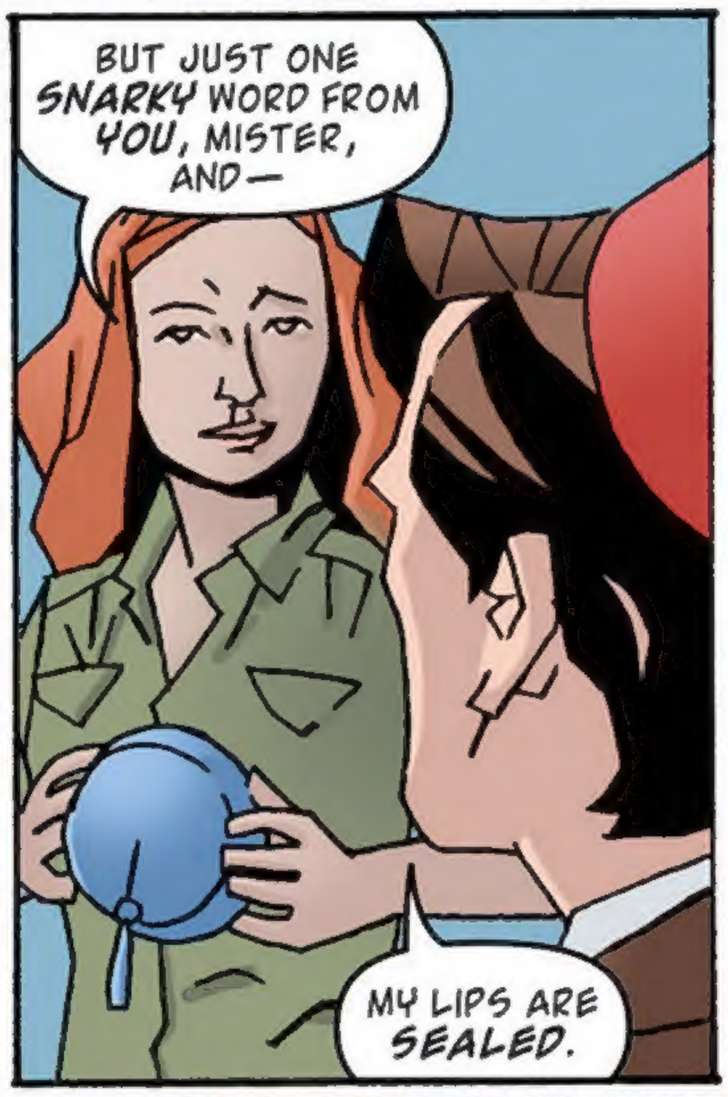

—A—
—A—
HE JUST WALKED AWAY AND LEFT US.
HOW INCREDIBLY RUDE.
NOT TO MENTION ODD.

AND, LOOK, HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE.
SUDDENLY, EVERYONE IS MAKING A BEELINE STRAIGHT FOR THE FESTIVAL STADIUM.
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE IN SOME SORT OF COLLECTIVE TRANCE.


HAH! A MYSTERY!
I LOVE A GOOD MYSTERY.
LET'S GO AND SOLVE IT. COME ALONG!
OR... WE COULD JUST GET BACK IN THE TARDIS AND GO WATCH THE BEATLES PERFORM IN GERMANY INSTEAD?
AMELIA POND, I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.

PLEASE TO EXCUSE, EFFENDI—
—BUT NO ONE MAY ENTER WITHOUT THE WEARING OF THE FEZ.
AH, RIGHT. I DO RECALL SOMEONE ELSE TELLING US THAT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I HATE THE IDEA—
—BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE, SO IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE NO CHOICE.


BUT JUST ONE SNARKY WORD FROM YOU, MISTER, AND—
MY LIPS ARE SEALED.

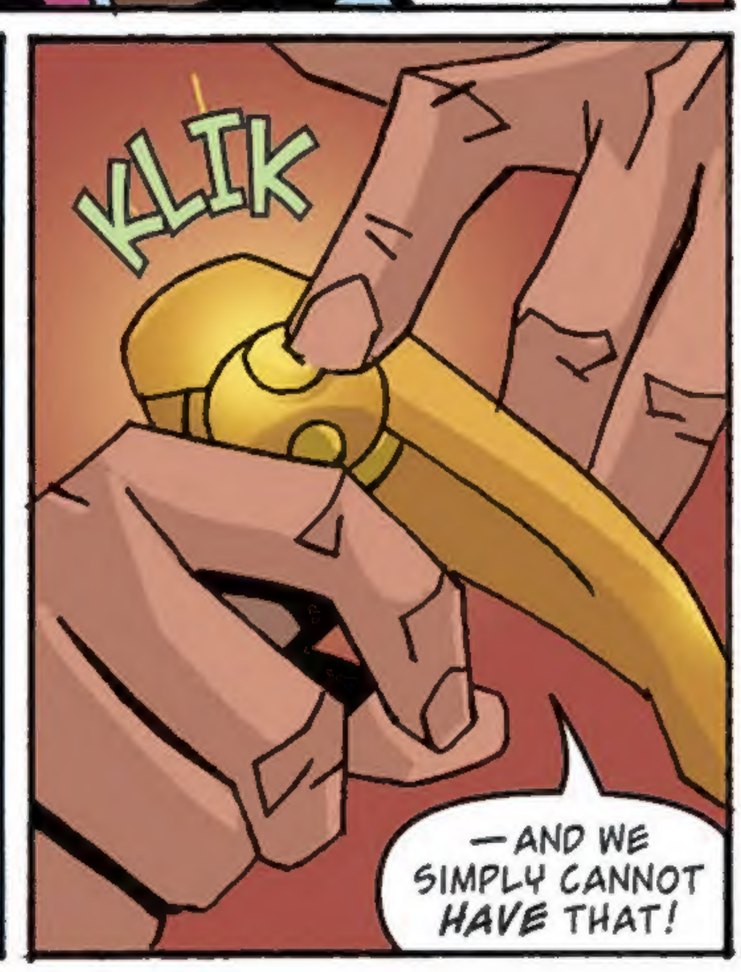
OKAY.
FINE.

Y'KNOW, ON YOU THAT FEZ LOOKS—
CAREFUL HOW YOU FINISH THAT—

AMY? RORY?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT'S WRONG?

WELL, THIS CAN'T POSSIBLY BE GOOD.
THEY SEEM TO BE UNDER SOME SORT OF SPELL.
HELLO, RORY! AMY!
IS ANYBODY THERE?
ARE YOU IN THERE?
CAN EITHER OF YOU EVEN SEE ME?

WELL, THAT ACCOMPLISHED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
A THOUSAND PARDONS, EFFENDI—
—BUT YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH THE SACRED CEREMONY—


KLIK
—AND WE SIMPLY CANNOT HAVE THAT!

OH, DEAR. LOOK AT THOSE FEZZES GLOW.
ONCE—JUST ONCE—I'D LIKE TO LAND SOMEWHERE WITHOUT CHAOS IMMEDIATELY ENSUING.
ACTUALLY, THAT ISN'T TRUE! I'D MUCH RATHER—
—AAGGHH!
VERY WELL THEN.
YOU DO, OF COURSE, REALISE THAT THIS MEANS WAR.
AAGGHH!
APPARENTLY, THEY DO!
RORY... AMY...
...SORRY I GOT YOU BOTH INTO...
...THISSSSSS...

AH, YOU AWAKEN AT LAST.
SORRY, WHEN YOU'RE MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS OLD, YOU TEND TO TAKE YOUR NAPS AS YOU CAN FIND THEM.
THE QUESTION IS WHY, DOCTOR?

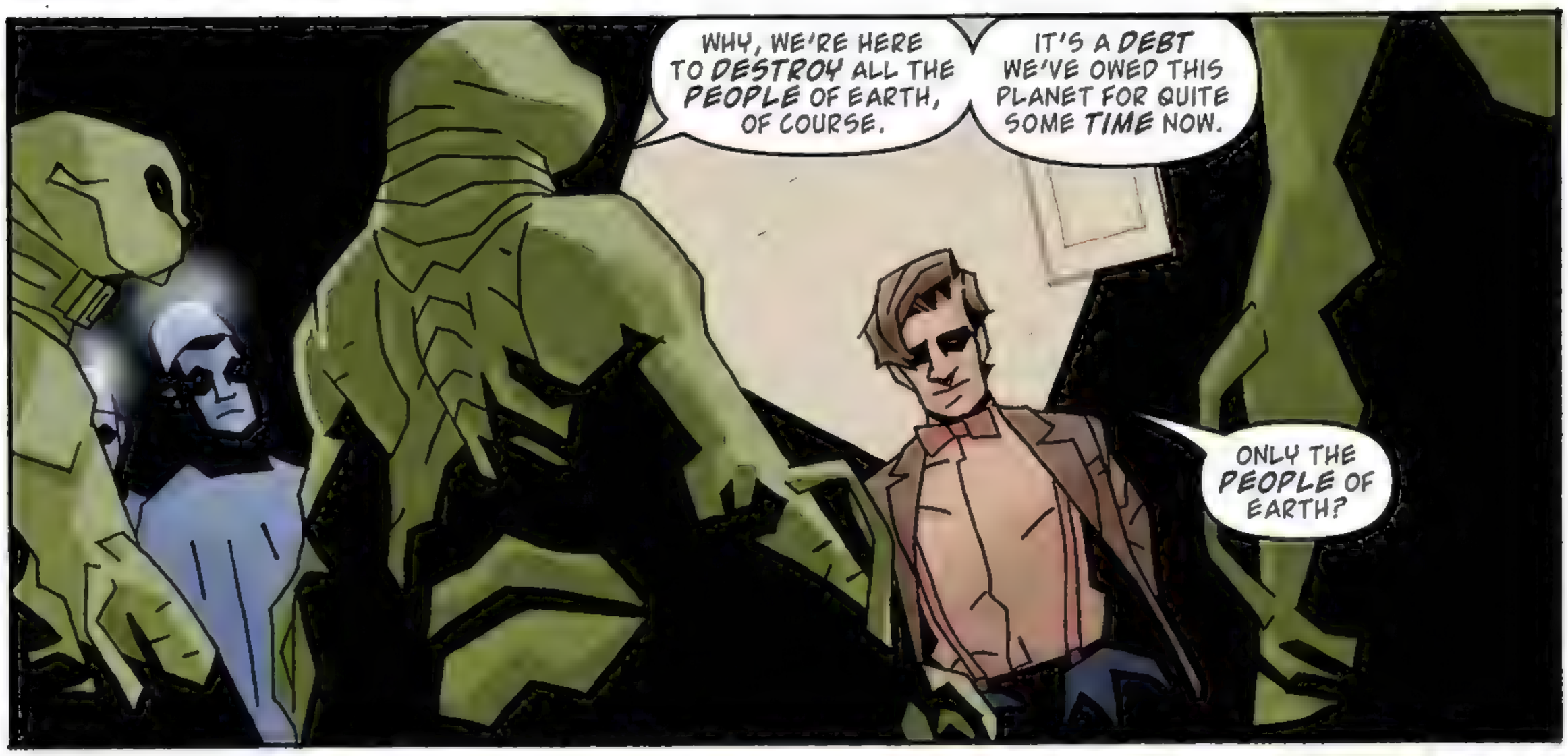
WHY CHOOSE NOW, OF ALL TIMES, TO SHOW UP AND AGAIN INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS?

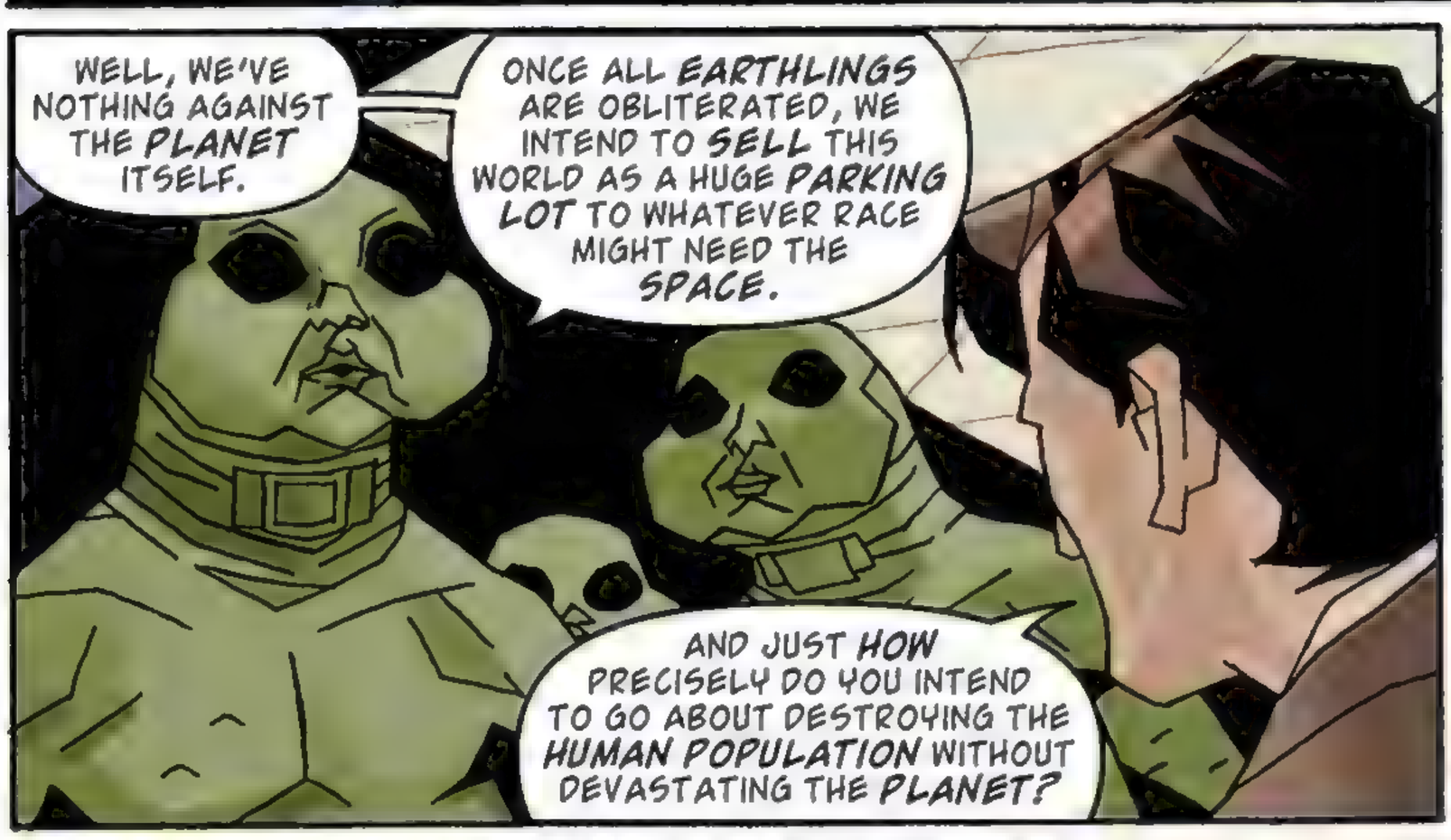
EXCELLENT QUESTION.
JUST LUCKY, I EXPECT.

YOUR CURSED SENSE OF HUMOR IS GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF YOU, DOCTOR.
THAT'S FUNNY.

WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS CHARADE FOR EVERYONE'S SAKE—
—SO WE CAN STOP HOLDING OUR COLLECTIVE BREATH?
YOUR COURTESY IS APPRECIATED, DOCTOR.
IT IS TIME WE STOPPED WEARING THESE GROTESQUE HUMAN SKINS—
WHIIIIIIIIZZZP

—AND STAND REVEALED FOR WHO WE TRULY ARE!
WHY, THE MONSTROUSLY MALODOROUS SLITHEEN OF RAXACORICOFALLAPATORIUS, OF COURSE!
WHEN DID YOU REALISE IT WAS US BENEATH THE HUMAN SKINS?
THE FIRST TIME I CAME CLOSE ENOUGH TO NOTICE THE FLOWERS DYING ALL AROUND YOU.
SO, JUST TO ASSUAGE MY NAGGING CURIOSITY, WHAT PRECISELY ARE YOU ALL DOING HERE?

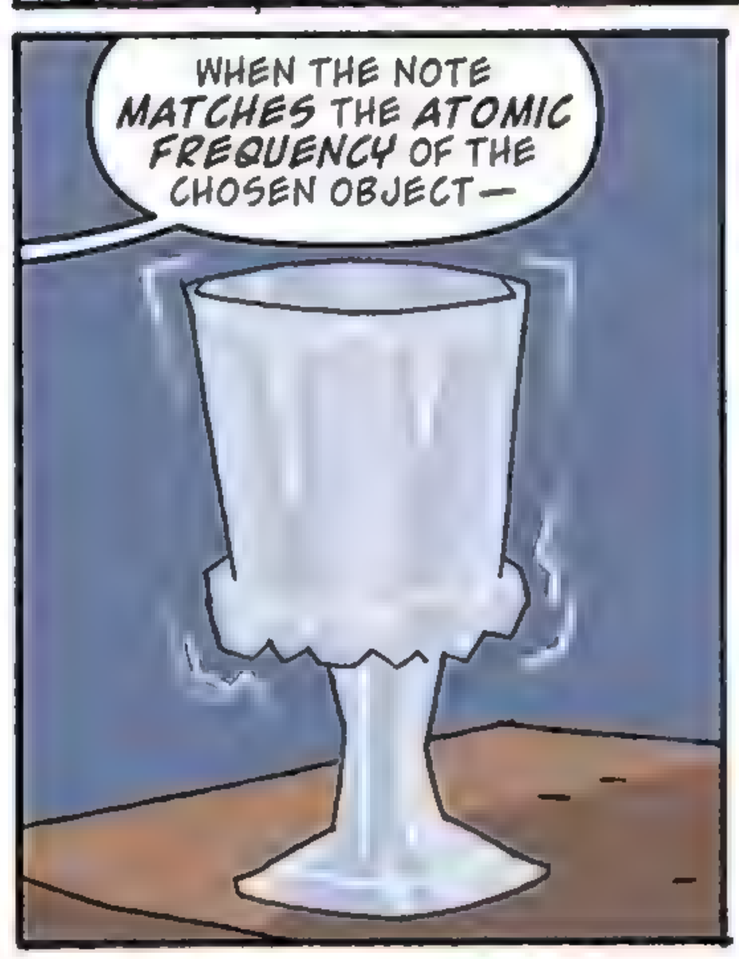

WHY, WE'RE HERE TO DESTROY ALL THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, OF COURSE.
IT'S A DEBT WE'VE OWED THIS PLANET FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.
ONLY THE PEOPLE OF EARTH?


WELL, WE'VE NOTHING AGAINST THE PLANET ITSELF.
ONCE ALL EARTHLINGS ARE OBLITERATED, WE INTEND TO SELL THIS WORLD AS A HUGE PARKING LOT TO WHATEVER RACE MIGHT NEED THE SPACE.
AND JUST HOW PRECISELY DO YOU INTEND TO GO ABOUT DESTROYING THE HUMAN POPULATION WITHOUT DEVASTATING THE PLANET?

OH, THAT.
WE INTEND TO USE SONICS.

HERE. PERMIT ME TO DEMONSTRATE.
YOU. HUMAN.
SING FOR ME.
E ABOVE HIGH C.

IT'S A MATTER OF SYMPATHETIC VIBRATIONS.


WHEN THE NOTE MATCHES THE ATOMIC FREQUENCY OF THE CHOSEN OBJECT—

—IT TEARS ITSELF APART!
TINK

WE'RE USING THE FEZZES TO CONTROL THE MINDS OF EVERY HUMAN WE CAN IDENTIFY WHO HAS A LEGITIMATE SINGING VOICE.
IN A FEW MOMENTS, ALL ACROSS THIS WORLD, WE SHALL USE OUR MIND-CONTROL TO FORCE OUR SUBSERVIENT HUMANS TO SING IN UNISON—

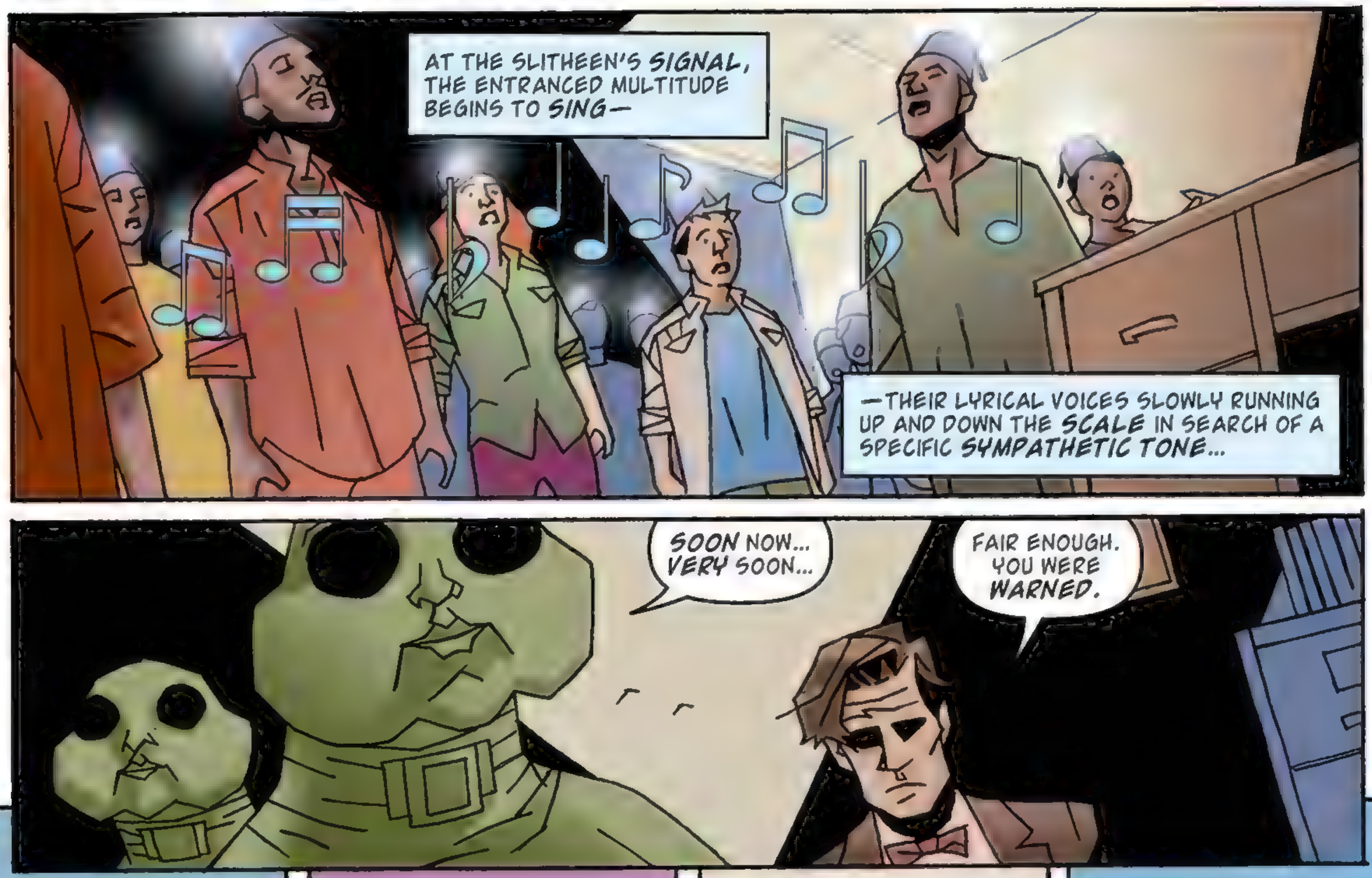
—AND THE RESULTING NOTE WILL AFFECT ALL HUMANS AS THAT FIRST NOTE AFFECTED THE GOBLET—
—RESONATING WITH THE HUMANS ON AN ATOMIC LEVEL THAT WILL CAUSE THEM ALL TO EXPLODE.

A MESSY FORM OF REVENGE, GRANTED—
—BUT REALLY RATHER EFFECTIVE.
FASCINATING THEORY—

—BUT YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

NOT THIS TIME.
JUST SIT THERE FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES AND YOU'LL SEE.
SERIOUSLY... YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.

WE'VE NEVER WANTED ANYTHING MORE.
LET THE SYMPHONY COMMENCE.
KLIK


AT THE SLITHEEN'S SIGNAL, THE ENTRANCED MULTITUDE BEGINS TO SING—
—THEIR LYRICAL VOICES SLOWLY RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE SCALE IN SEARCH OF A SPECIFIC SYMPATHETIC TONE...

SOON NOW... VERY SOON...
FAIR ENOUGH. YOU WERE WARNED.

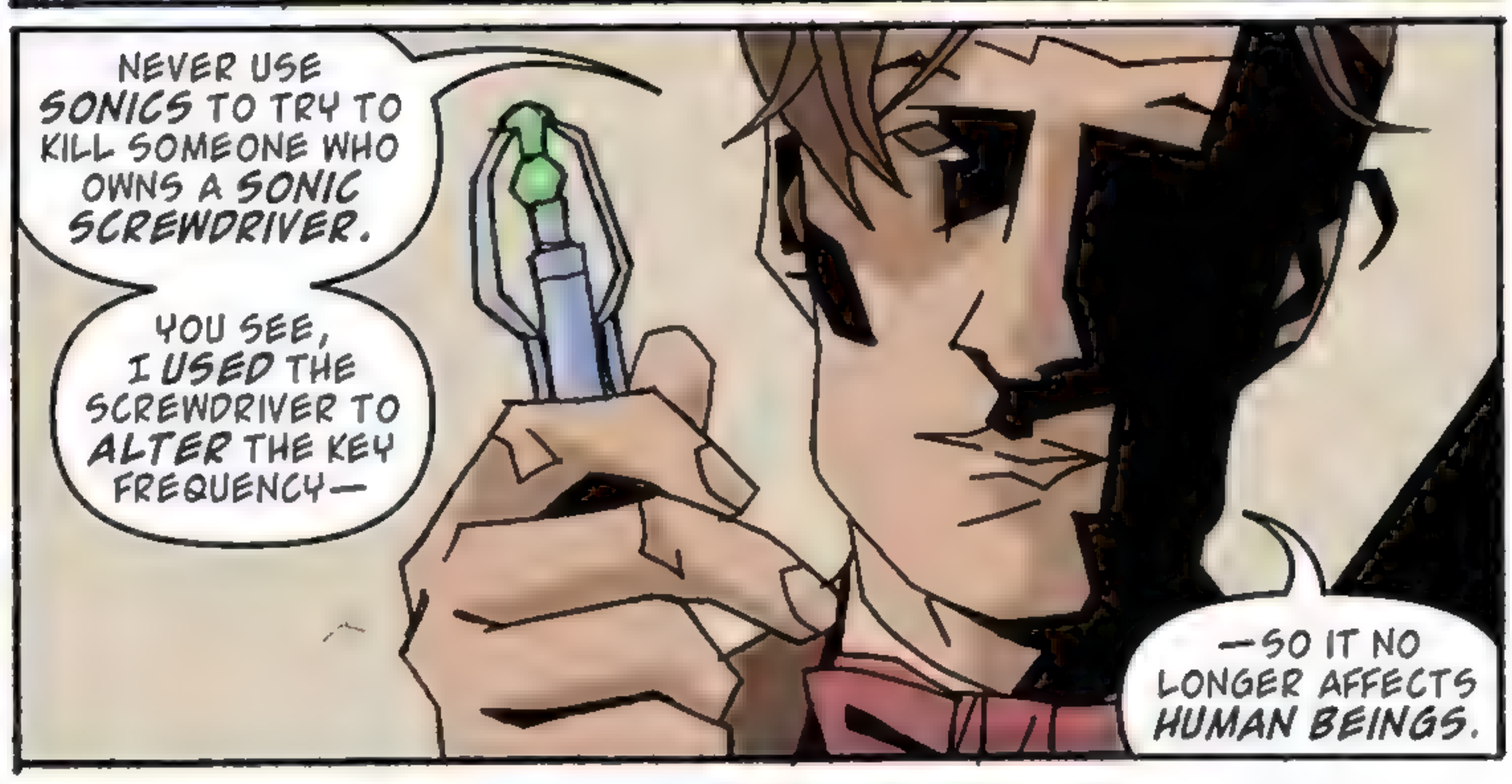
WHILE, ACROSS THE GLOBE, THOSE BEING MIND-CONTROLLED BY THE SPECIAL SLITHEEN HEADGEAR INCREASE THEIR LYRICAL DRONE—
—FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.—
—TO ROME, ITALY—
—TO LONDON, ENGLAND—
—TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, THE HAUNTING TONE CONTINUES—

—WHILE THE SLITHEEN IMPATIENTLY AWAIT THE END OF HUMAN CIVILISATION.
UNFORTUNATELY...
NOTHING IS HAPPENING.
THE HUMANS SEEM UTTERLY UNAFFECTED BY THE SOUND.
I, ON THE OTHER HAND, AM BECOMING MORE AND M-M-MORE NAUSEOUS.

WELL, I DID TRY TO WARN YOU—BUT YOU REFUSED TO LISTEN.
MEANING WHAT?

MEANING YOUR CONCEPT OF SONIC SLAUGHTER WAS ACTUALLY A VIABLE ONE—
—BUT YOU FORGOT ONE CRITICALLY IMPORTANT THING.

H-WH-WH-WHICH W-W-W-WAS WH-WH-WH-WHAT?


NEVER USE SONICS TO TRY TO KILL SOMEONE WHO OWNS A SONIC SCREWDRIVER.
YOU SEE, I USED THE SCREWDRIVER TO ALTER THE KEY FREQUENCY—
—SO IT NO LONGER AFFECTS HUMAN BEINGS.

THEN WH-WH-WHO DOES IT AFFECT?
GIVE IT A MOMENT. IT'LL COME TO YOU.

WHAT D-D-DO YOU...
...OH, BOTH—

FWHUMP

FWHUMP

AND AS THE PROPER SLITHEEN-OBLITERATING CHORD IS STRUCK SIMULTANEOUSLY WORLDWIDE—
FWHUMP

FWHUMP

—THE FEZZES SHORT-CIRCUIT INTO USELESSNESS—
—AND ORDER IS RESTORED TO THE WORLD.
FWHUMP

—ADORABLE?
—SENT—?!
HEY!
OKAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO US THIS TIME?
LET'S JUST SAY THAT THE TWO OF YOU JOINED THE CHORUS AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.
AFTER THAT, IT ONLY STARTS GETTING CONFUSING.
SERIOUSLY, DOCTOR, WHAT JUST HAPPENED HERE?

NOTHING SPECIAL, REALLY.
JUST ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO CONQUER AND DESTROY THE EARTH.
YOU KNOW, THE USUAL COMMONPLACE, RIDICULOUS, RUN-OF-THE-MILL SORT OF THING THAT HAPPENS TO US THREE OR FOUR TIMES A WEEK.
FEZ MIND-CONTROL AND ALL THAT.

SEE?
I KNEW THERE WAS A REASON I NEVER LIKED FEZZES.
WELL, I, FOR ONE, DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY THINKS...

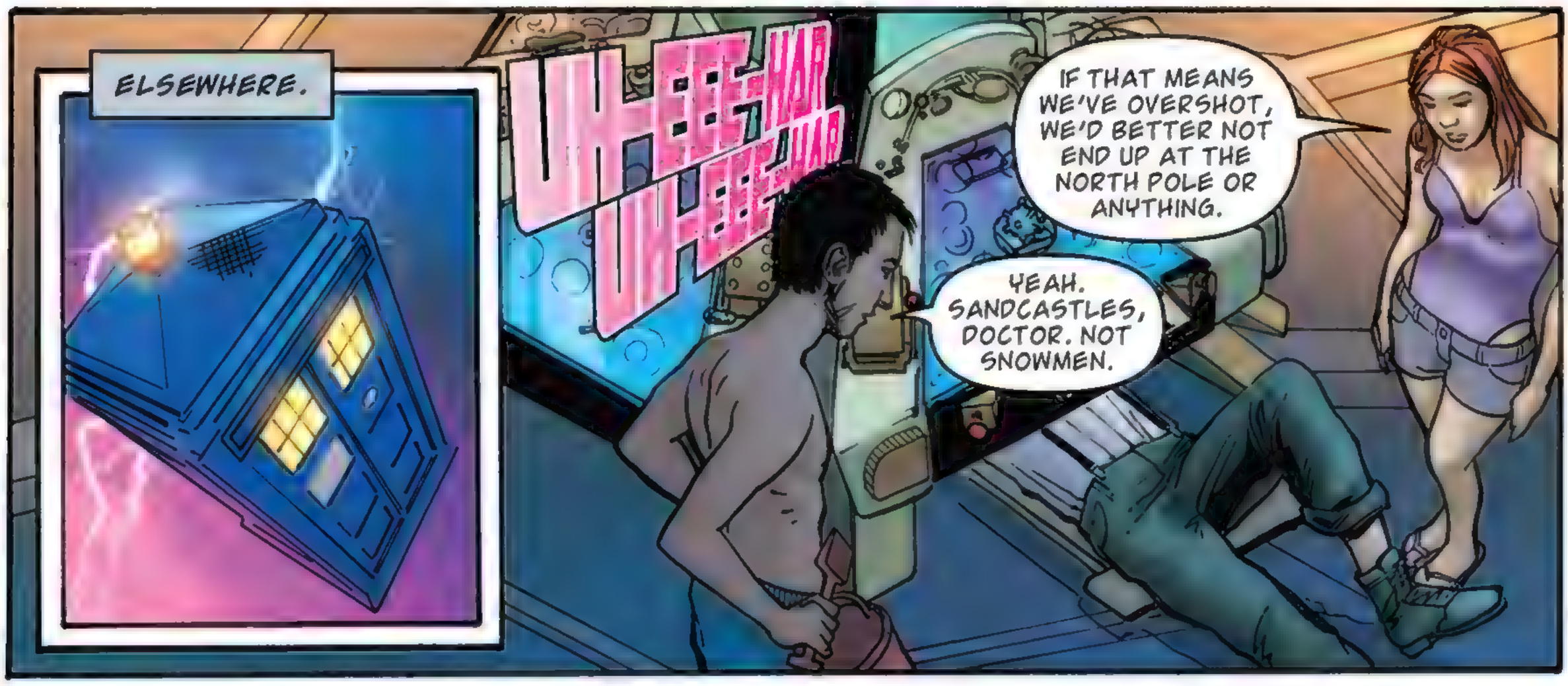
...AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, FEZZES ARE COOL—
—AND THAT IS ALL I HAVE TO SAY ON THE MATTER.
END.

CUZCO, PERU. 1992.
YOU'RE FINISHING LATE TODAY, MY FRIEND.
NOT SCARED BY THE GHOST?
WHAT GHOST?
TIME FRAUD

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD? THEY SAY AN INCAN GHOST HAS COME TO HAUNT US, ANGRY AT WHAT IS BEING DONE TO HIS SACRED LAND.
HO HO! NEXT YOU WILL BE TELLING ME THAT HE IS GUARDING EL DORADO AND HAS A FEATHERED HEADDRESS.

RSH RSH RSH

MOTHER OF GOD!
ARGHHHHHH!


ELSEWHERE.
UH-EEE-HAR UH-EEE-HAR
IF THAT MEANS WE'VE OVERSHOT, WE'D BETTER NOT END UP AT THE NORTH POLE OR ANYTHING.
YEAH. SANDCASTLES, DOCTOR. NOT SNOWMEN.

WELL. YES. I UNDERSTAND THAT, RORY.
BUT FLORANA MAY HAVE TO WAIT.

SOMETHING'S DRAGGING US OFF COURSE.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLANETS IN THE GALAXY, YOU SAID.
CARPETS OF SWEET PERFUMED FLOWERS, YOU SAID.

THIS IS A TIME CORRIDOR, AMELIA. WE ARE TRAPPED.
WELL, GET US OUT OF IT!

HAVEN'T COME ACROSS ONE OF THESE SINCE THE DALEKS FLED THE 1940S.
ANYWAY, HOLD ON, PONDS!

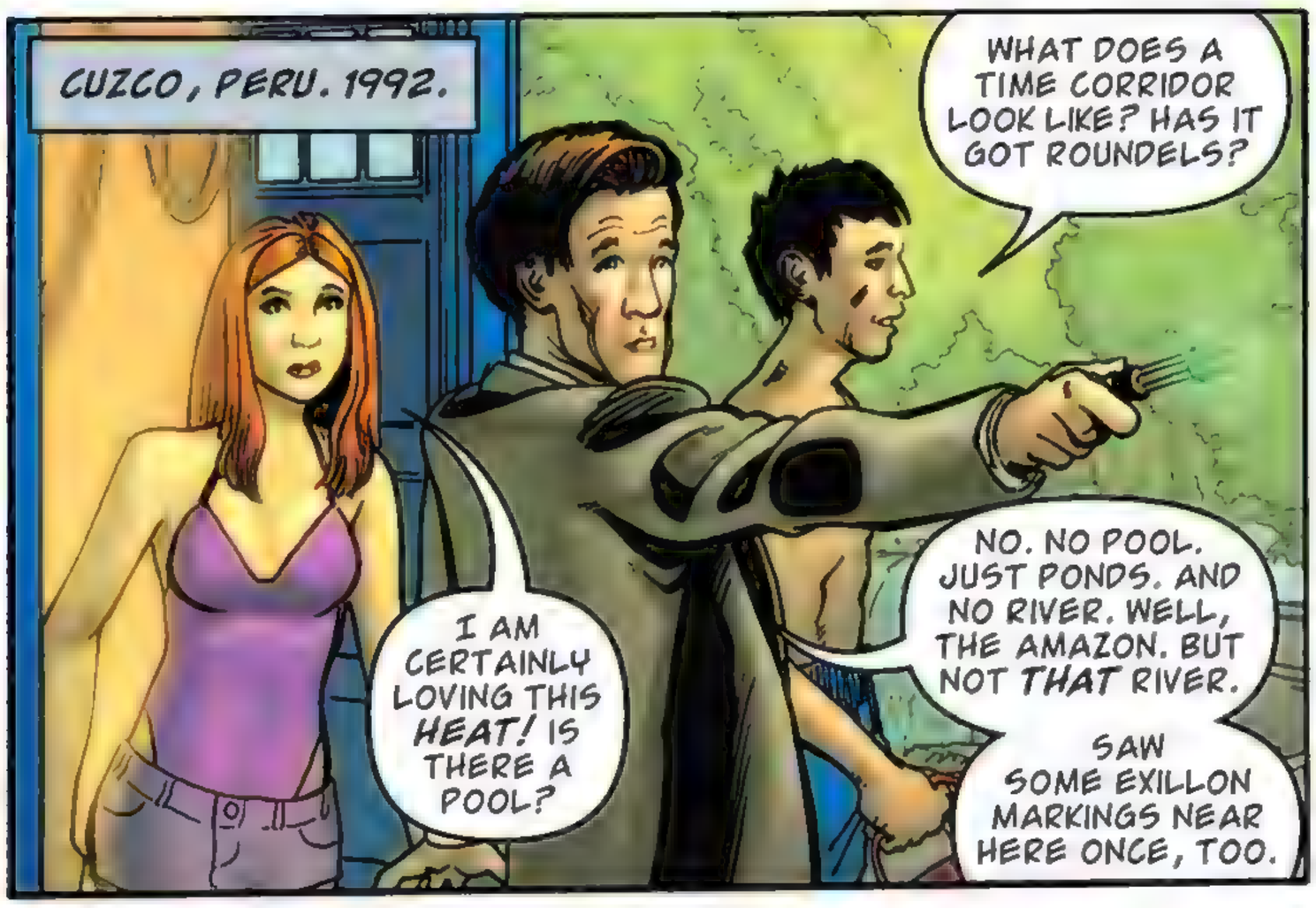
THE PLANET HELION, HOME TO THE PHOENIX-LIKE RA'RA'VIS.
THE INHABITANTS OF NIDUS ARE CELEBRATING THE APPROACHING SOLSTICE OF PAJARO.
PAJARO
PAJARO
TIGIL! ARE YOU READY? MY FATHER IS COMING!
ENTEK! THERE YOU ARE! HOW MANY YEARS HAVE I THEORISED ABOUT THIS? AND NOW THERE IS NO TIME.
YOU DON'T NEED MORE TIME. WE JUST NEED THE ALIGNMENT OF OUR MOONS AND SUN!
YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE, MY YOUNG CHRONONAUT. I SHOULD ASK, ARE YOU READY?
TIGIL, YOU KNOW I'VE LONGED TO TRAVEL IN TIME. AND THIS DAY I WILL—THANKS TO YOU.
THE ECLIPSE IS UPON US. THE SOLSTICE OF PAJARO HAS BEGUN. ENTEK, TAKE YOUR PLACE.

AS POTENTATE OF HELION, IT FALLS TO ME TO BID MY OWN SON LEAD THE RA'RA'VIS INTO A BRIGHT NEW FUTURE!

WU-HAR WU-HAR WU-HAR

WU-HAR WU-HAR WU-HAR

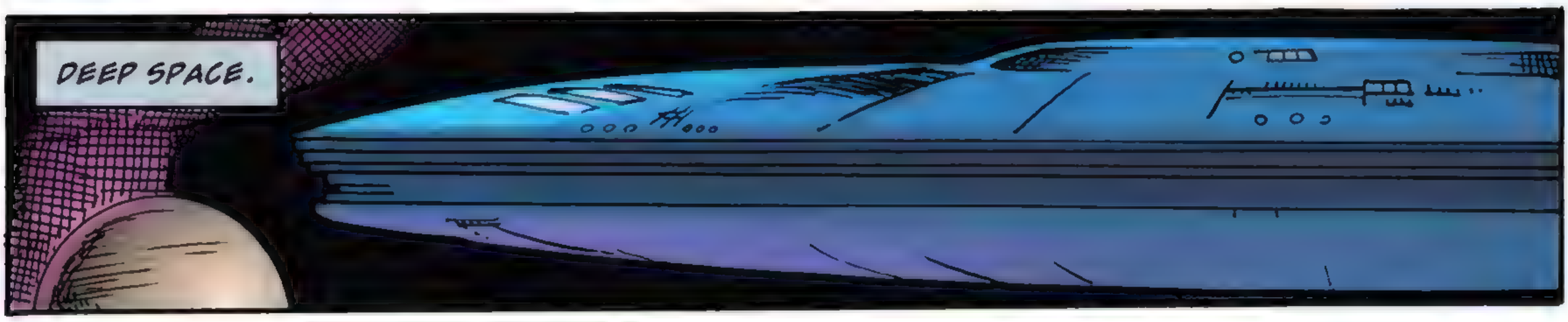
TIGIL! WHAT'S HAPPENING? IS MY SON SAFE?
I CANNOT TELL, YOUR EMINENCE. SOMETHING HAS MALFUNCTIONED. I... I... HAVE LOST ALL TRACE.

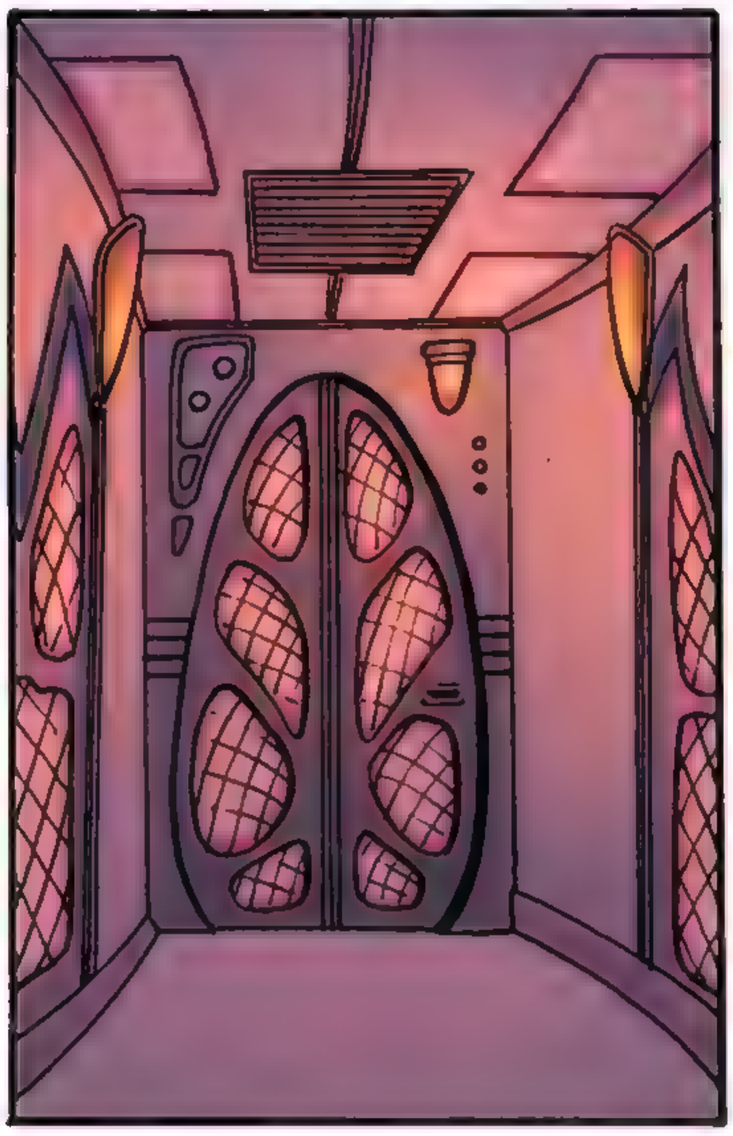

CUZCO, PERU. 1992.
WHAT DOES A TIME CORRIDOR LOOK LIKE? HAS IT GOT ROUNDELS?
I AM CERTAINLY LOVING THIS HEAT! IS THERE A POOL?
NO. NO POOL. JUST PONDS. AND NO RIVER. WELL, THE AMAZON. BUT NOT THAT RIVER.
SAW SOME EXILLON MARKINGS NEAR HERE ONCE, TOO.

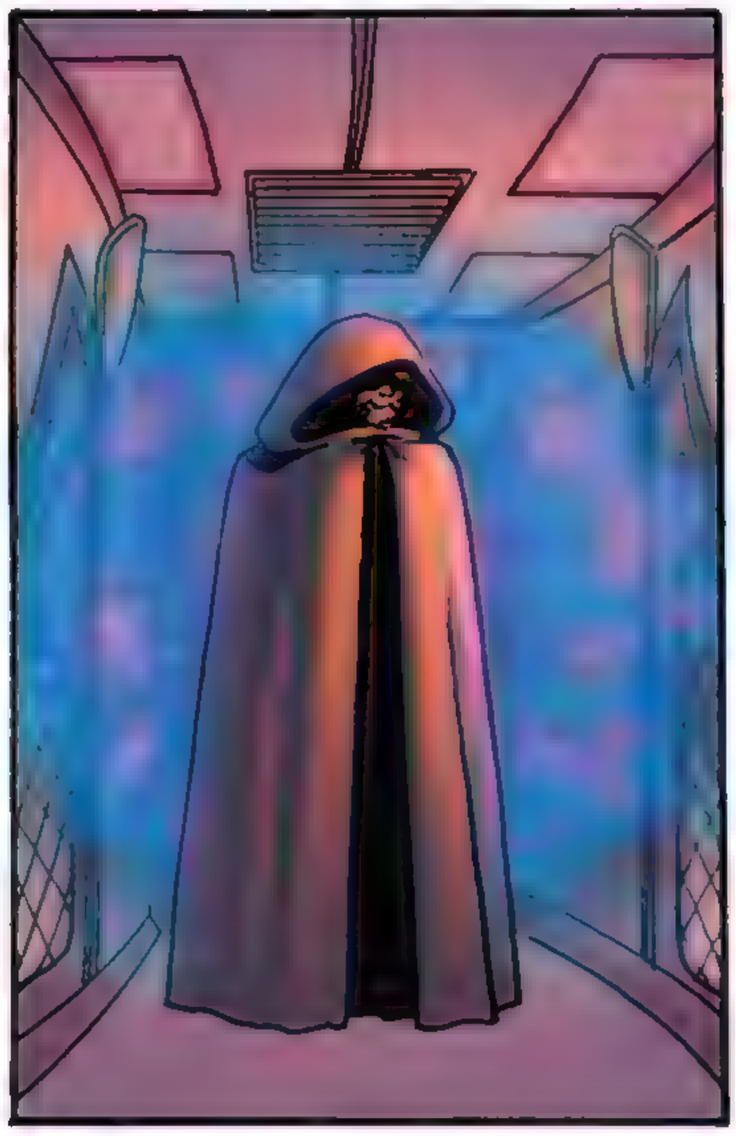
THIS WAY!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU MUST HAVE RUN EVERY VARIATION OF YOUR MODEL. MY SON... MY SON!
I WAS CERTAIN I HAD, YOUR EMINENCE. I ASSURE YOU I WOULD NEVER HAVE ENDANGERED ENTEK. I... MUST HAVE OVERREACHED MYSELF. MY CALCULATIONS MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG.

I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR HIS NAME ON YOUR TONGUE UNTIL HE IS RETURNED TO US. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
THERE ARE LEGENDS OF A RACE THAT HAS A COMPLETE MASTERY OVER TIME. I WOULD ADVOCATE ASKING THEM FOR HELP. WE CAN SEND A MESSAGE THROUGH THE VORTEX.
LEGENDS? I DO NOT NEED LEGENDS! WHAT IS THIS SPECIES' NAME?
TIME LORDS.


DEEP SPACE.

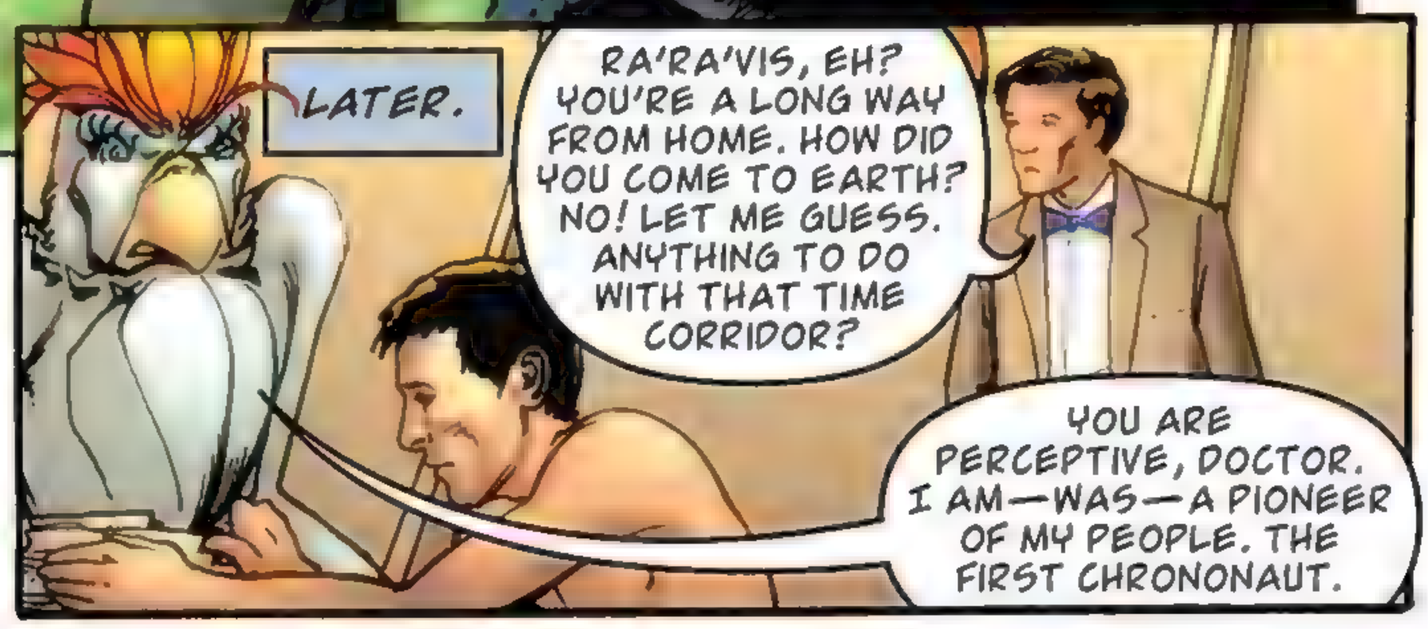


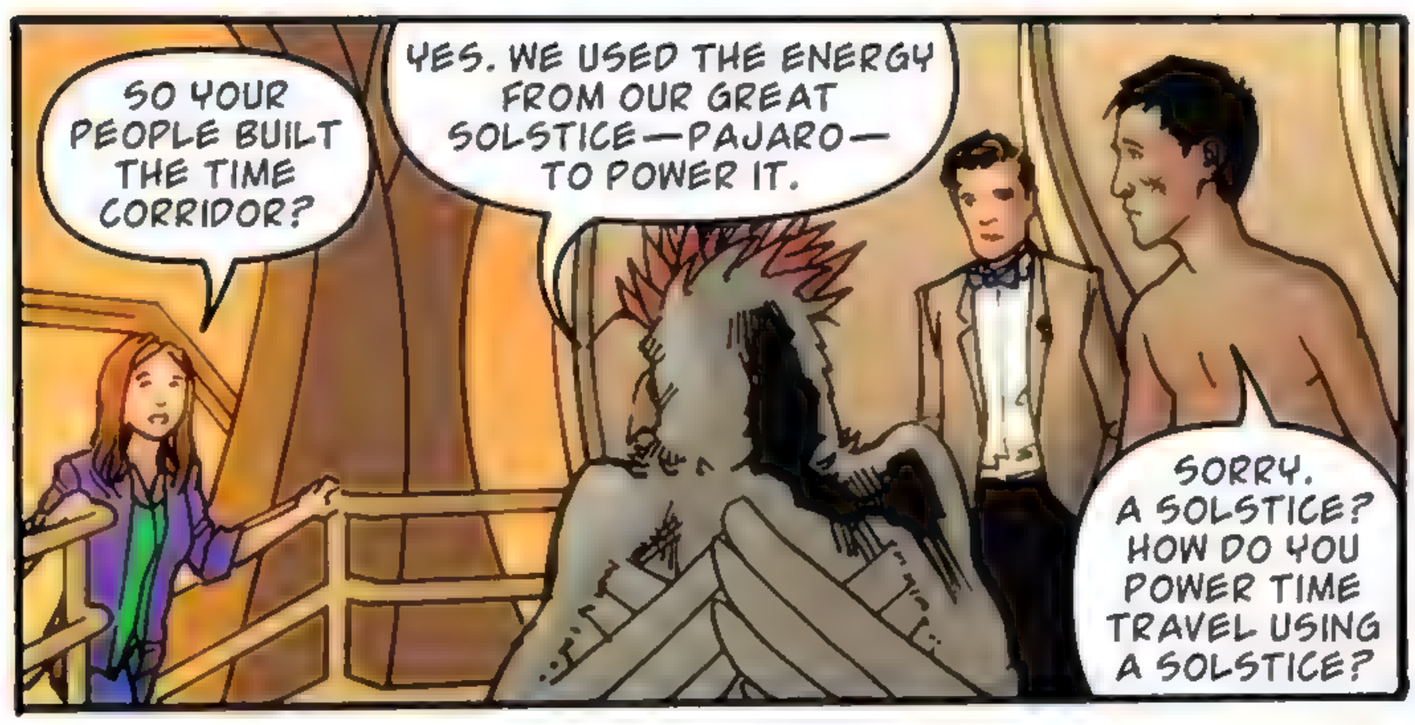


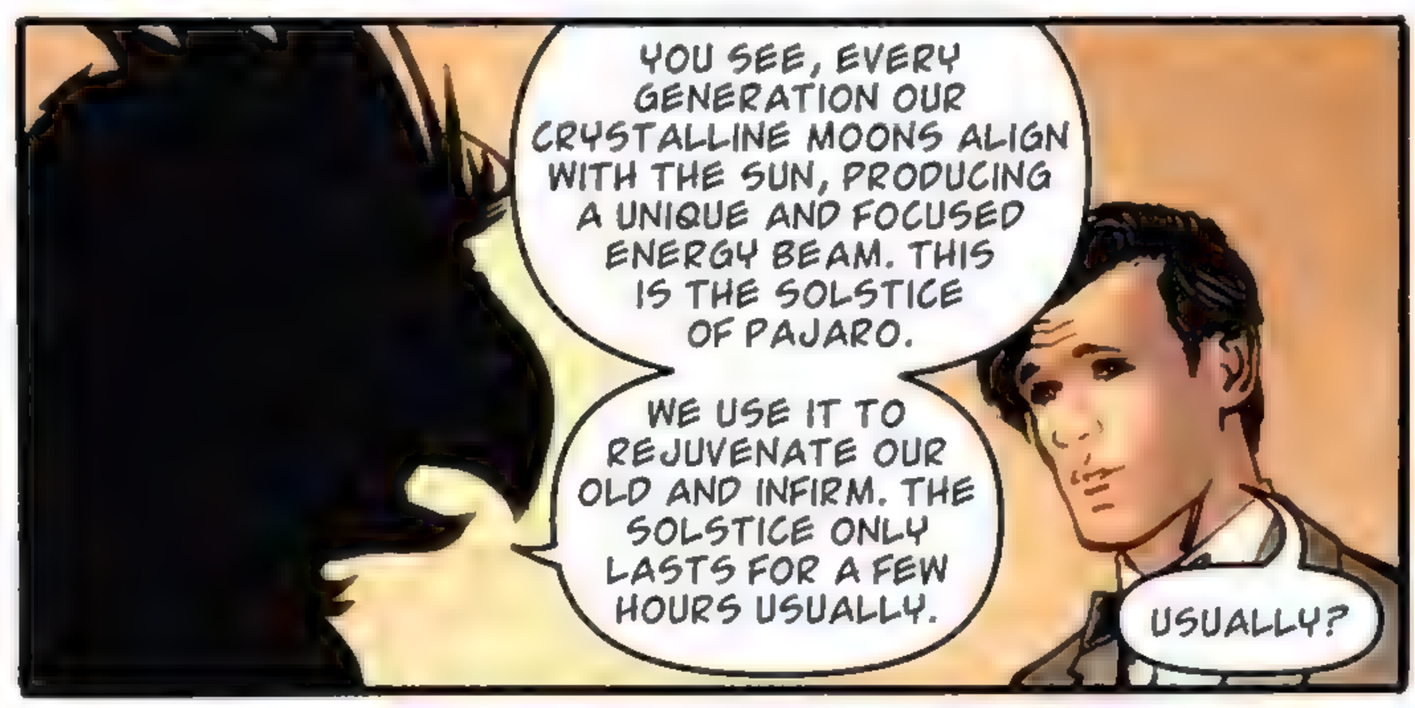
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!

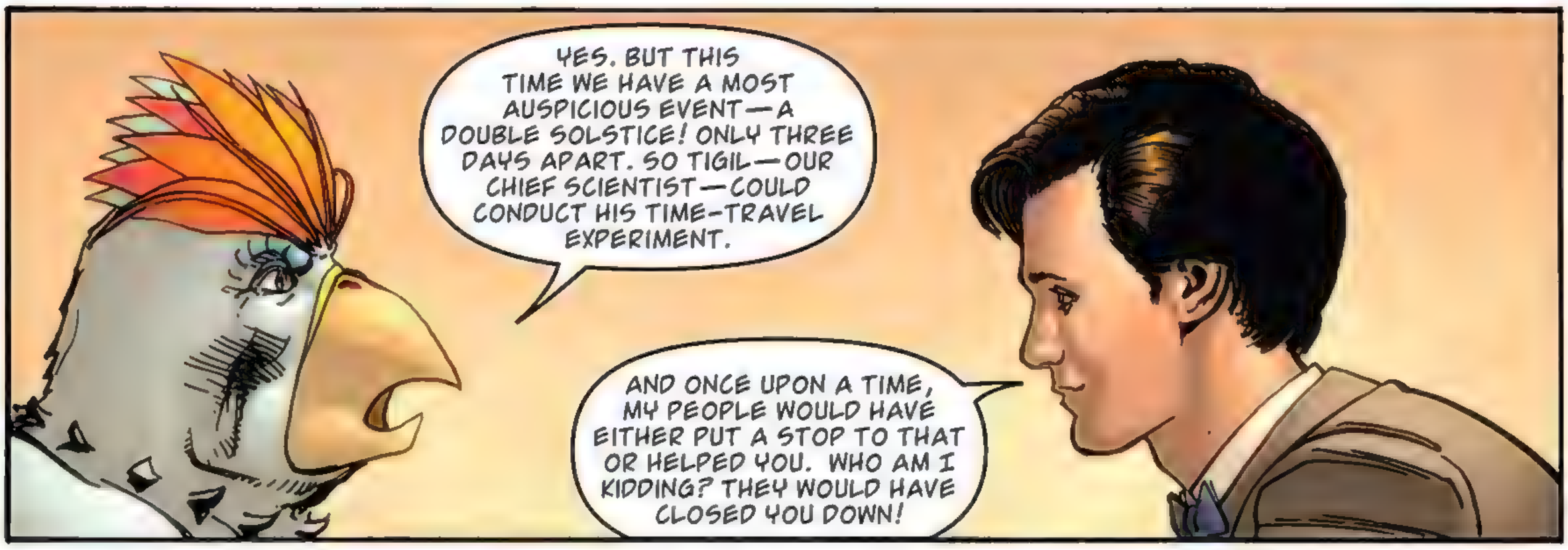
BAD, BAD CHAINSAW!
BLLLLLT

NOW, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE...?


LATER.
RA'RA'VIS, EH? YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME. HOW DID YOU COME TO EARTH? NO! LET ME GUESS. ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT TIME CORRIDOR?
YOU ARE PERCEPTIVE, DOCTOR. I AM—WAS—A PIONEER OF MY PEOPLE. THE FIRST CHRONONAUT.


SO YOUR PEOPLE BUILT THE TIME CORRIDOR?
YES. WE USED THE ENERGY FROM OUR GREAT SOLSTICE—PAJARO—TO POWER IT.
SORRY. A SOLSTICE? HOW DO YOU POWER TIME TRAVEL USING A SOLSTICE?


YOU SEE, EVERY GENERATION OUR CRYSTALLINE MOONS ALIGN WITH THE SUN, PRODUCING A UNIQUE AND FOCUSED ENERGY BEAM. THIS IS THE SOLSTICE OF PAJARO.
WE USE IT TO REJUVENATE OUR OLD AND INFIRM. THE SOLSTICE ONLY LASTS FOR A FEW HOURS USUALLY.
USUALLY?

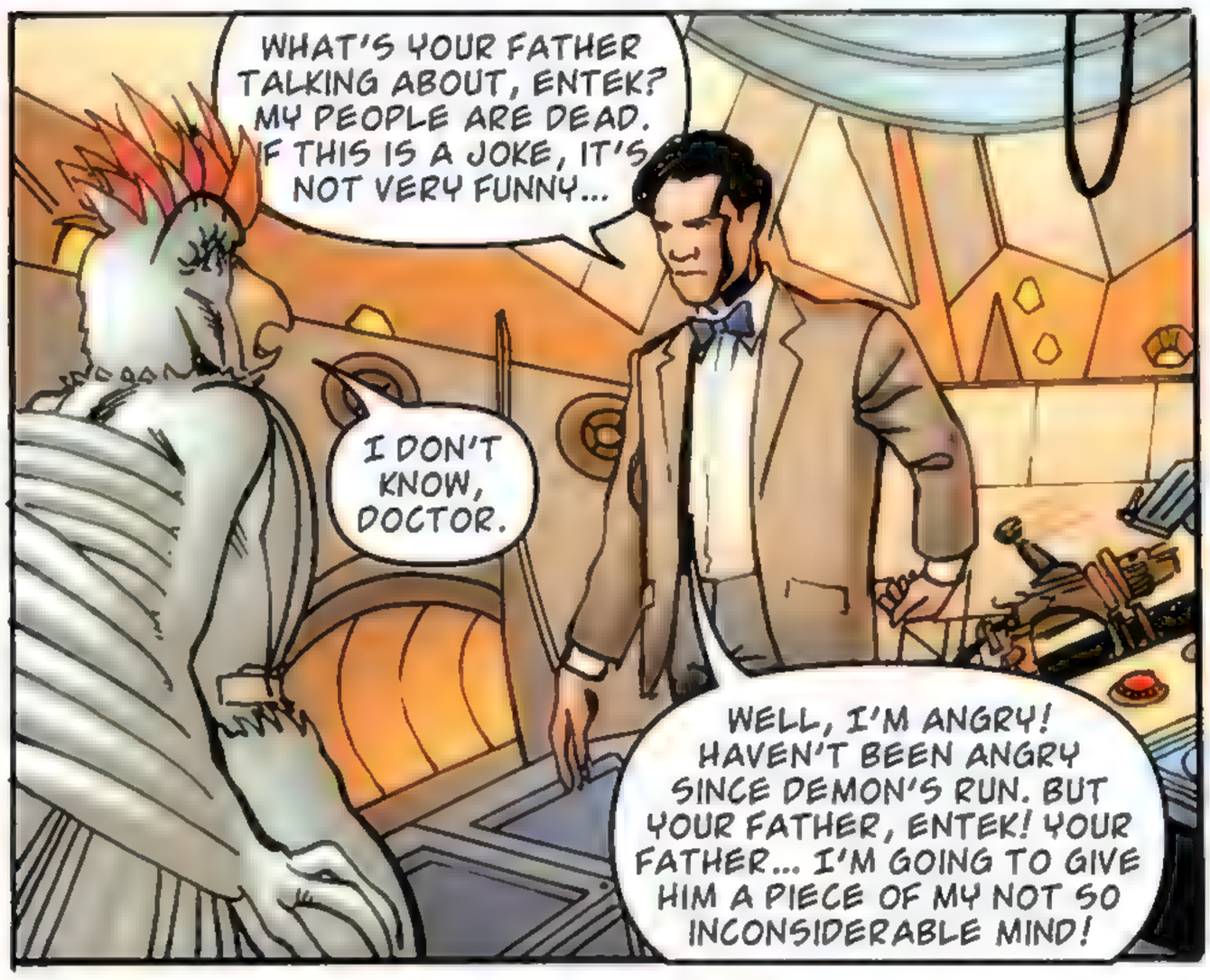

YES. BUT THIS TIME WE HAVE A MOST AUSPICIOUS EVENT—A DOUBLE SOLSTICE! ONLY THREE DAYS APART. SO TIGIL—OUR CHIEF SCIENTIST—COULD CONDUCT HIS TIME-TRAVEL EXPERIMENT.
AND ONCE UPON A TIME, MY PEOPLE WOULD HAVE EITHER PUT A STOP TO THAT OR HELPED YOU. WHO AM I KIDDING? THEY WOULD HAVE CLOSED YOU DOWN!

YOUR PEOPLE?
THE TIME LORDS.
THE TIME LORDS? TIGIL USED TO TELL ME STORIES ABOUT THEM. I DIDN'T THINK THEY WERE REAL!

HELLO? HELLO? THIS IS THE DOCTOR. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH CHIEF SCIENTIST TIGIL. IT'S ABOUT ENTEK... OH? WELL, YES, IF HE'S NOT AVAILABLE, I SUPPOSE HIS FATHER WILL DO!

THEY WERE WIPED OUT IN A WAR. WITH THE DALEKS.
YES... ALL GONE. I'M THE LAST ONE. EVER. UNIQUE. THE END. PERIOD.
HELLO! PHILIBUS? YES! HE'S SAFE AND SOUND.

NOW, I'D BETTER COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS DANGEROUS TIME CORRIDOR OF YOURS!
THAT'S VERY KIND, DOCTOR, BUT WE ALREADY HAVE HELP...
...FROM GALLIFREY!


WHAT'S YOUR FATHER TALKING ABOUT, ENTEK? MY PEOPLE ARE DEAD. IF THIS IS A JOKE, IT'S NOT VERY FUNNY...
I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR.
WELL, I'M ANGRY! HAVEN'T BEEN ANGRY SINCE DEMON'S RUN. BUT YOUR FATHER, ENTEK! YOUR FATHER... I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY NOT SO INCONSIDERABLE MIND!

RIGHT! WHERE ARE THESE SO-CALLED—
—AH.

WELCOME TO HELION, DOCTOR. I AM CASTELLAN BOND. I APOLOGISE FOR YOUR WASTED TRIP.
ARREST THE RENEGADES!

AMY, RORY, YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO WITH WEEPING ANGELS? DO THE OPPOSITE!

ENTEK, DO YOU KNOW SOMEWHERE WE CAN HIDE FOR BIT? MAKE A PLAN?

THERE'S A QUIETER DISTRICT TO THE SOUTH. MANY BUILDINGS ARE ABANDONED.

ENTEK HAS FOUND SOMEWHERE FOR THE TIME TRAVELLERS TO HIDE...

ARE YOU SAYING THOSE GUYS WITH THE RED HELMETS AND THE TIGHT TROUSERS ARE TIME LORD SOLDIERS?

CHANCELLERY GUARD.

BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE? HOW ARE THEY HERE? I MUST HAVE SKIPPED A TIME TRACK...

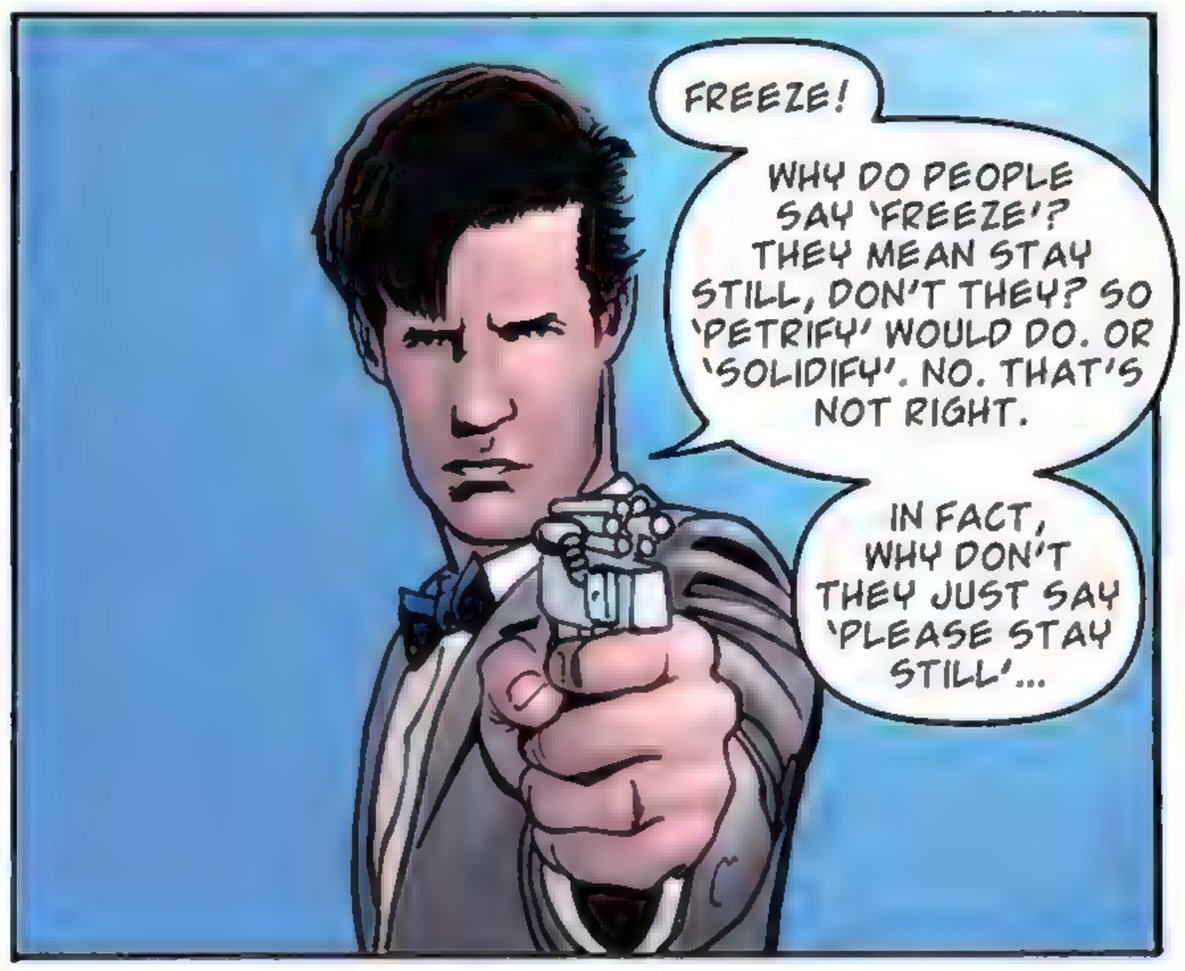
AND WHY ARE THEY ROUNDING UP THE RA'RA'VIS? THIS MAKES NO SENSE.

IT MUST TO SOMEONE! WE JUST NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHOM, RIGHT?

ER, DOCTOR? WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

GOOD! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR THEM!

WE KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE. WE HAVE DETECTED AN *ECTOPIC* READING!

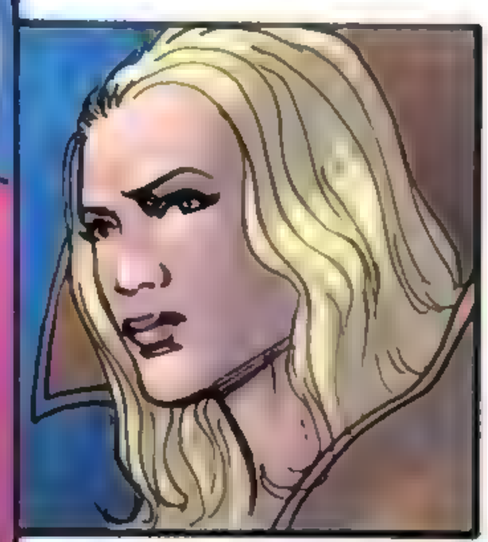

FREEZE!
WHY DO PEOPLE SAY 'FREEZE'? THEY MEAN STAY STILL, DON'T THEY? SO 'PETRIFY' WOULD DO. OR 'SOLIDIFY'. NO. THAT'S NOT RIGHT.
IN FACT, WHY DON'T THEY JUST SAY 'PLEASE STAY STILL'...

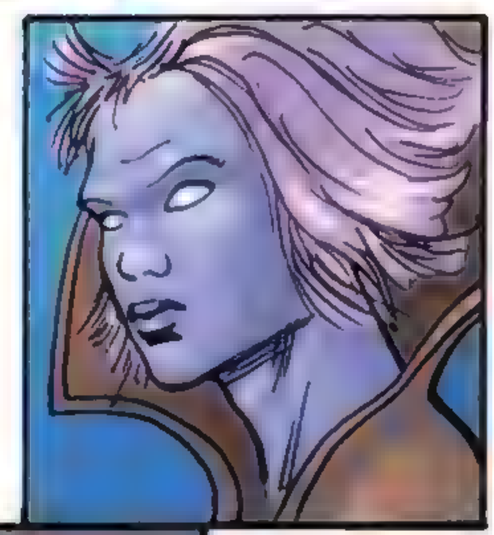
THESE AREN'T REALLY MY THING ANYWAY.
CATCH, AMY!

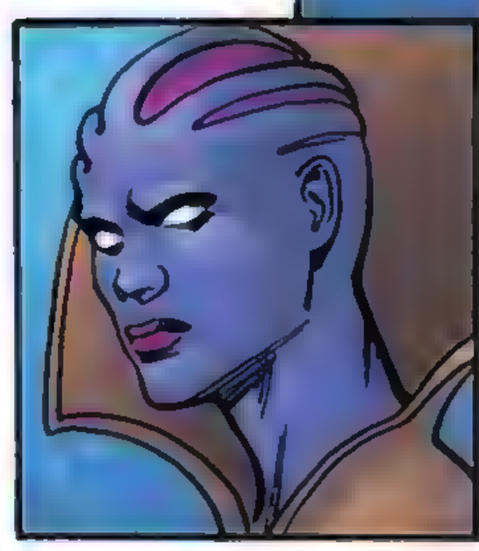
THAT'S MUCH BETTER. HELLO! MY NAME'S THE DOCTOR. I'M A TIME LORD...

...AND YOU'RE NOT! ONLY ONE HEART. INTERESTING READINGS, THOUGH. I KNOW YOU, DON'T I?

WHO IS IT?
WHAT, NOT WHO! NOT TIME LORD BUT... GIZOU!

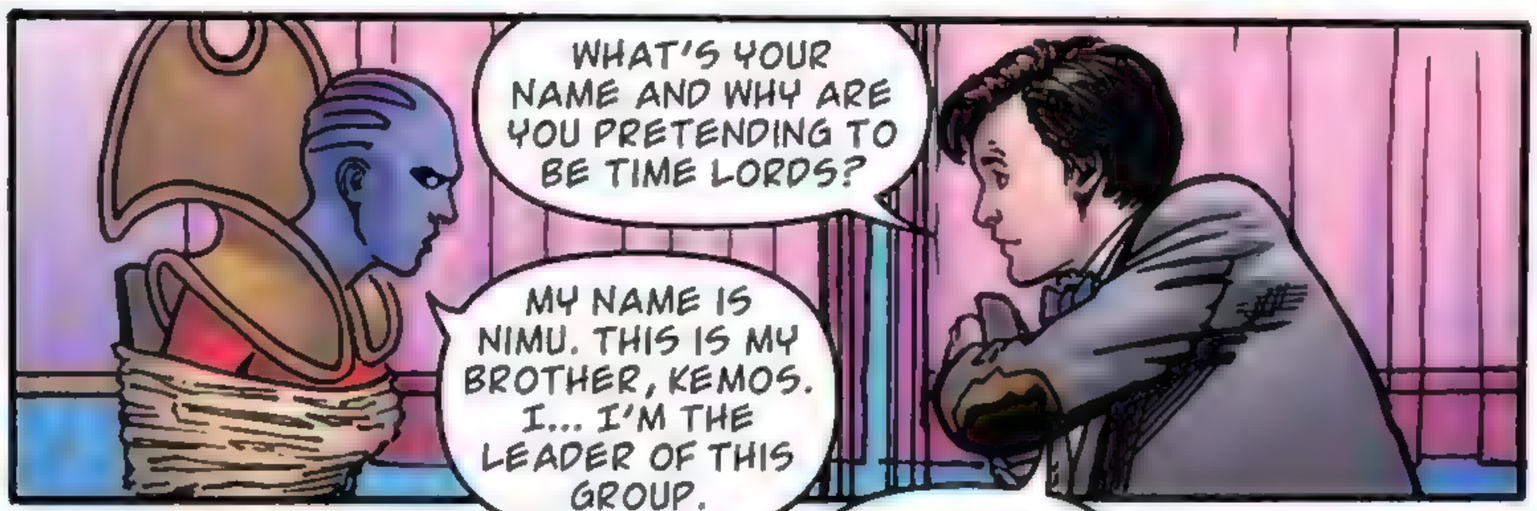


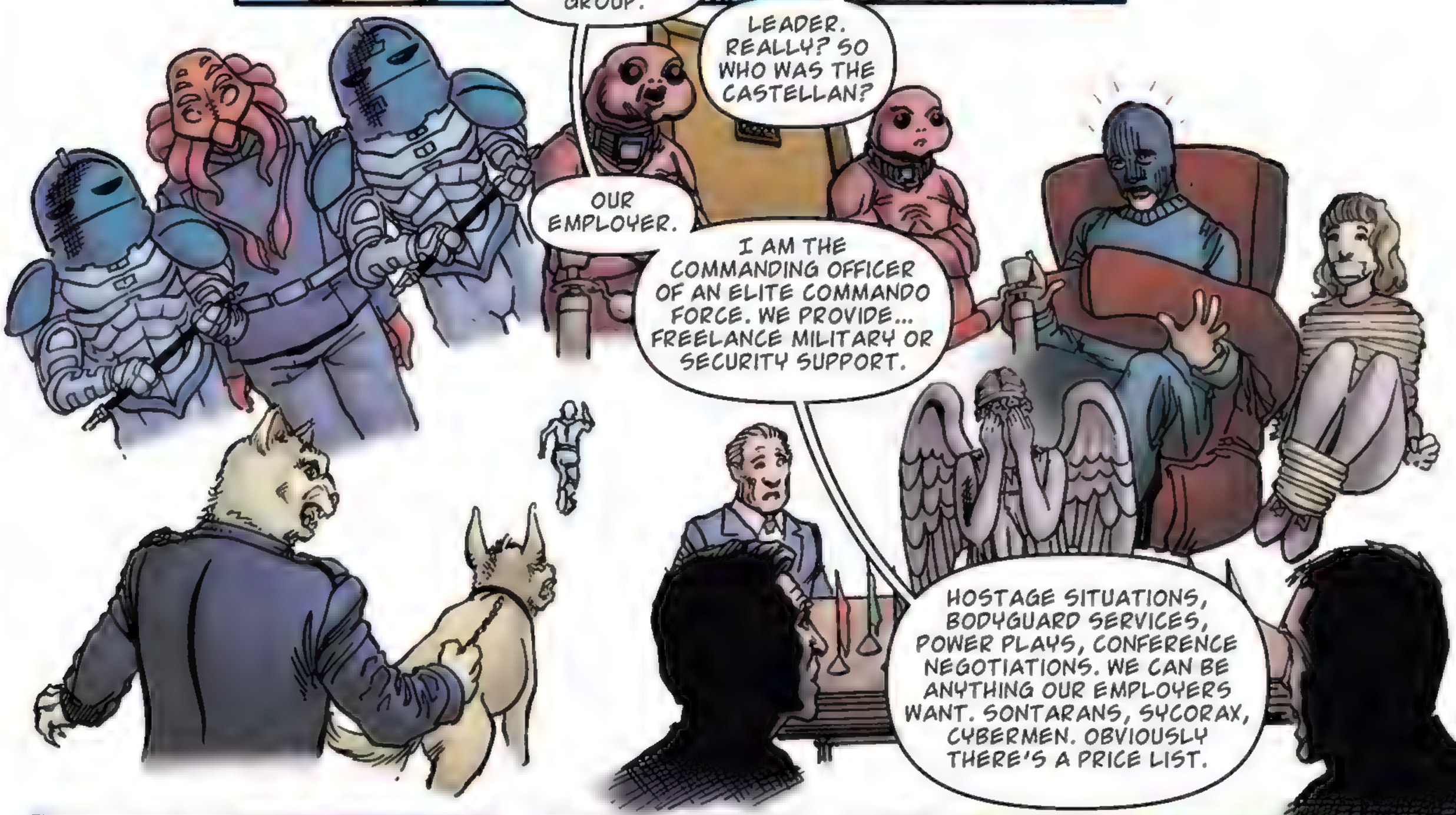


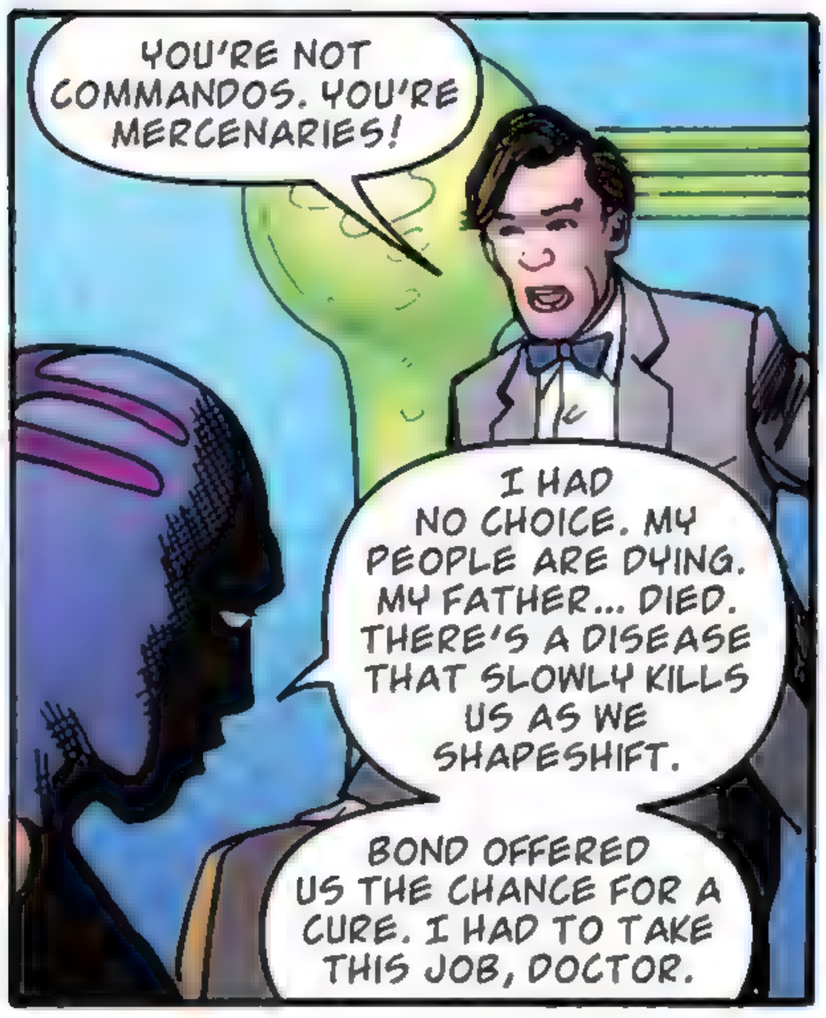


WE WILL BE TAKING CHARGE OF THE SOLSTICE.
BUT IT IS MERE HOURS AWAY. YOU CAN'T! OUR ELDERLY, OUR SICK! THEY ARE WAITING TO BATHE IN THE PAJARO ENERGY BEAM. I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO—

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, MY FEATHERED FRIEND. THAT IS THE PRICE THE TIME LORDS DEMAND FOR OUR HELP IN SORTING OUT THE MESS OF YOUR ILL-CONCEIVED TIME EXPERIMENTS.
GUARDS! TAKE HIM AWAY!


WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHY ARE YOU PRETENDING TO BE TIME LORDS?
MY NAME IS NIMU. THIS IS MY BROTHER, KEMOS. I... I'M THE LEADER OF THIS GROUP.

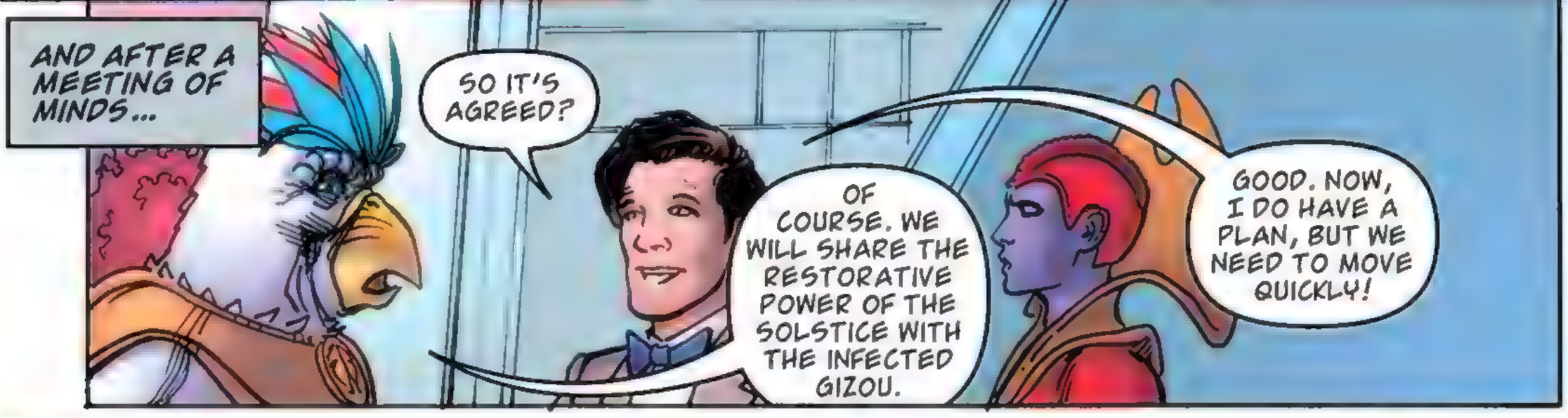

LEADER. REALLY? SO WHO WAS THE CASTELLAN?
OUR EMPLOYER.
I AM THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF AN ELITE COMMANDO FORCE. WE PROVIDE... FREELANCE MILITARY OR SECURITY SUPPORT.
HOSTAGE SITUATIONS, BODYGUARD SERVICES, POWER PLAYS, CONFERENCE NEGOTIATIONS. WE CAN BE ANYTHING OUR EMPLOYERS WANT. SONTARANS, SYCORAX, CYBERMEN. OBVIOUSLY THERE'S A PRICE LIST.


YOU'RE NOT COMMANDOS. YOU'RE MERCENARIES!
I HAD NO CHOICE. MY PEOPLE ARE DYING. MY FATHER... DIED. THERE'S A DISEASE THAT SLOWLY KILLS US AS WE SHAPESHIFT.
BOND OFFERED US THE CHANCE FOR A CURE. I HAD TO TAKE THIS JOB, DOCTOR.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR CHOICE, BUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING ISN'T RIGHT! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A BAD PERSON, NIMU. I THINK YOU WANT TO DO WHAT'S BEST FOR YOUR PEOPLE. AM I RIGHT?
I DO.
I WAS RIGHT! I LOVE IT WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
YES. KEMOS IS AWAKE. HELLO, KEMOS! NOW WE NEED TO FIND PHILIBUS.
ENTEK! WHERE WOULD WE FIND THE KIND OF CELLS YOUR FATHER WOULD BE THROWN INTO?

TELL THE OTHER GIZOU TO GATHER AT THE FOCUS. THE TIME IS DRAWING NEAR. WHERE IS THAT TROUBLESOME LEADER OF YOURS?

WHAT'S THIS?
A CHANGE OF PLAN!
OH, COMMANDER NIMU! SORRY, I—
YOU WILL FREE THESE PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY!


AND AFTER A MEETING OF MINDS...
SO IT'S AGREED?
OF COURSE. WE WILL SHARE THE RESTORATIVE POWER OF THE SOLSTICE WITH THE INFECTED GIZOU.
GOOD. NOW, I DO HAVE A PLAN, BUT WE NEED TO MOVE QUICKLY!

YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE I KNEW ONCE CALLED ANDRED.
HE WAS A BIT OF A STRANGE ONE THAT MARRIED A FEISTY FEMALE, TOO!
THANKS.

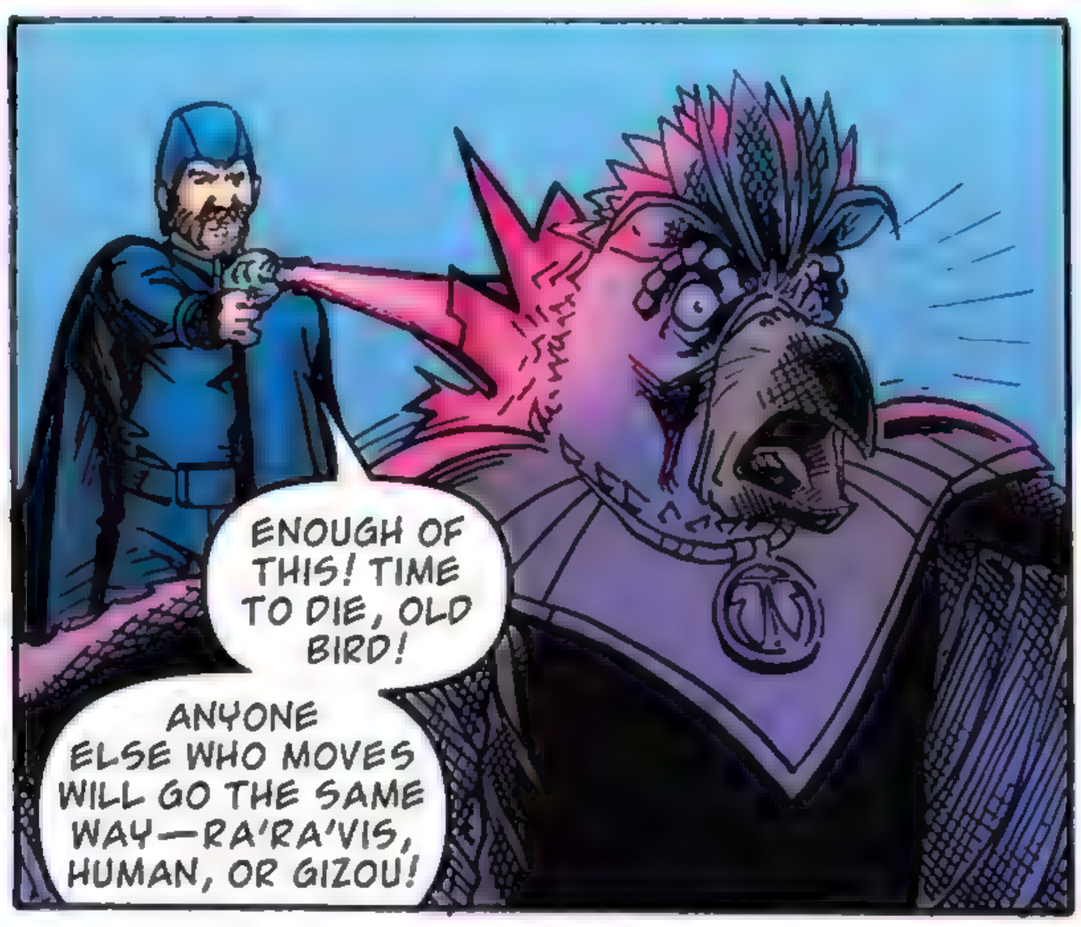
I AM BROTHER TO NIMU, OUR LEADER. I COMMAND YOU TO LISTEN TO THIS MAN!
THANK YOU, KEMOS.
NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR SHIELDS!

OPEN THE ROOF!

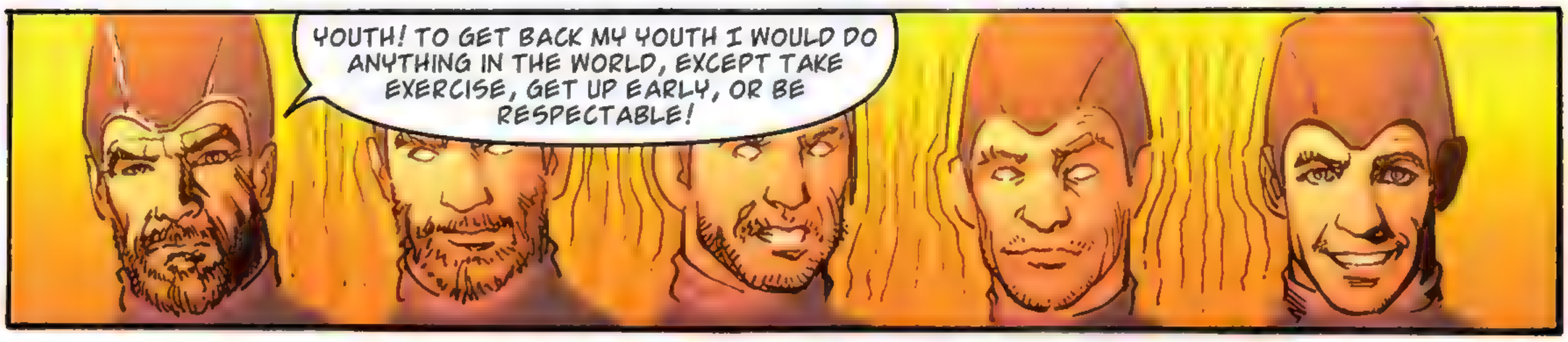
STAND DOWN!
FOR WHO, BIRDBRAIN? YOU?

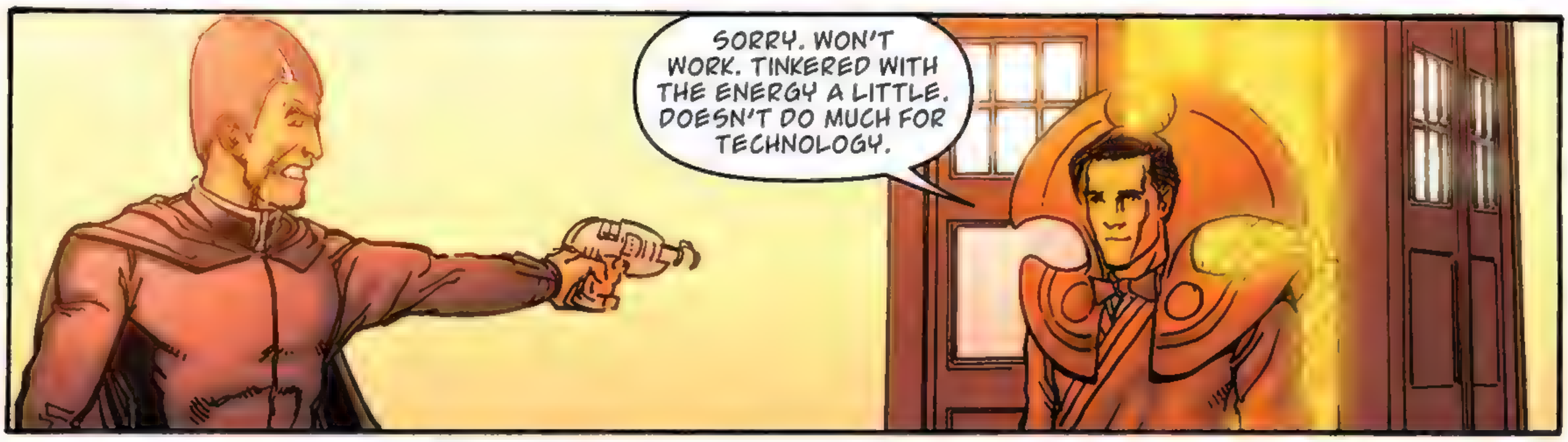
EVERYONE DO EXACTLY AS I SAY! GUARDS! DISARM THESE IMPOSTORS!
THESE ARE MY PEOPLE, BOND.
AND YET ONLY I CAN CURE THEM.
THAT ISN'T TRUE. PHILIBUS HAS AGREED TO HELP US. WE DON'T NEED YOU!
THERE IS NO NEED TO ALLY OURSELVES TO THIS TIME LORD.

HE'S NO TIME LORD!
CLEVER GIRL. THAT'S RIGHT. I'M NOT A TIME LORD. I'M A *TIME AGENT*! CAPTAIN SCOTT THROWER. I CAN'T REGENERATE, SO I NEED TO REJUVENATE! I WILL BE YOUNG AGAIN! YOU MIGHT EVEN FANCY ME!
SHE'S NOT A GIRL, CAPTAIN THROW-UP! AND SHE'S. MY. WIFE.


ENOUGH OF THIS! TIME TO DIE, OLD BIRD!
ANYONE ELSE WHO MOVES WILL GO THE SAME WAY—RA'RA'VIS, HUMAN, OR GIZOU!

YOU THREATEN US? YOU BROUGHT US HERE BECAUSE OF THE CURE WE NEEDED AND NOW THIS?
THE CURE? HA! I NEEDED YOUR SERVICES AND HAD NO WAY TO PAY! WHO DO YOU THINK *GAVE YOU THE DISEASE*? I DID!


YOUTH! TO GET BACK MY YOUTH I WOULD DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, EXCEPT TAKE EXERCISE, GET UP EARLY, OR BE RESPECTABLE!

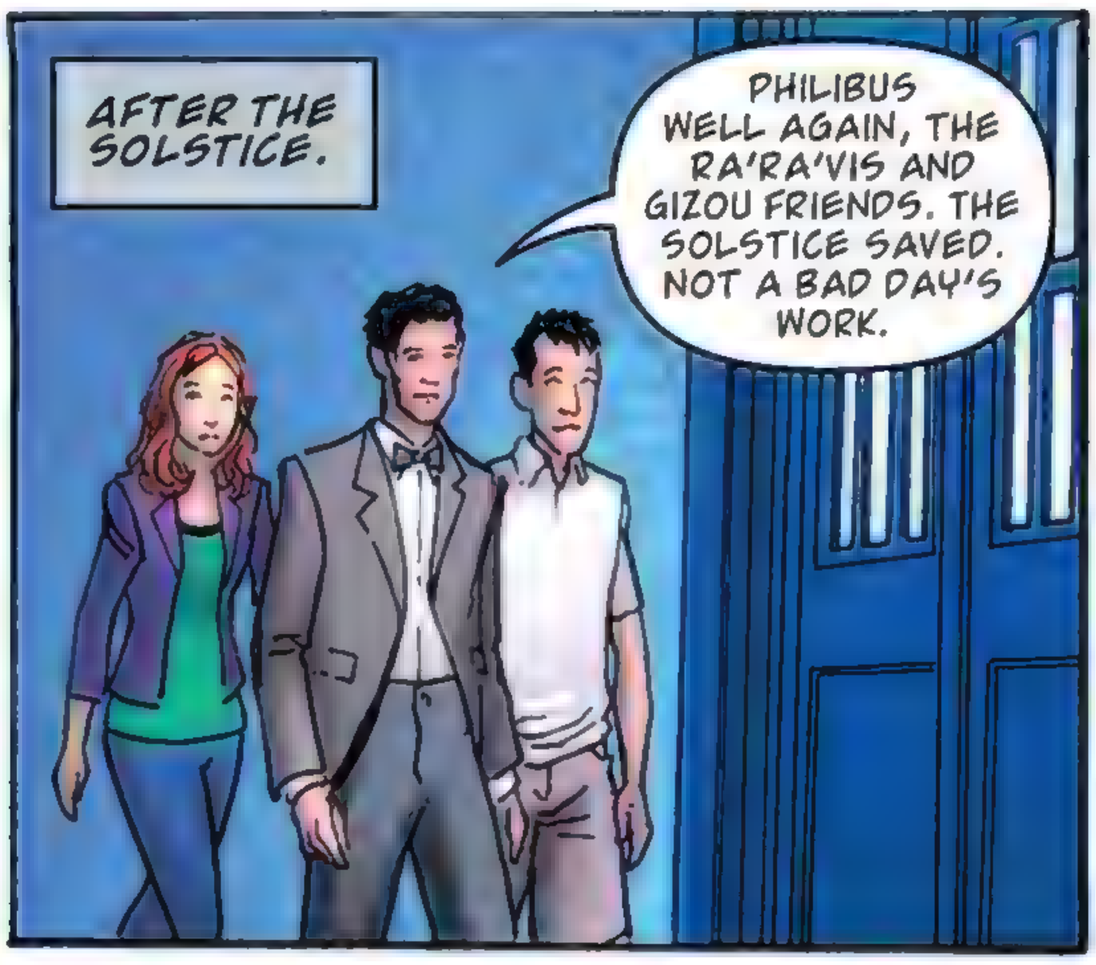

SORRY. WON'T WORK. TINKERED WITH THE ENERGY A LITTLE. DOESN'T DO MUCH FOR TECHNOLOGY.

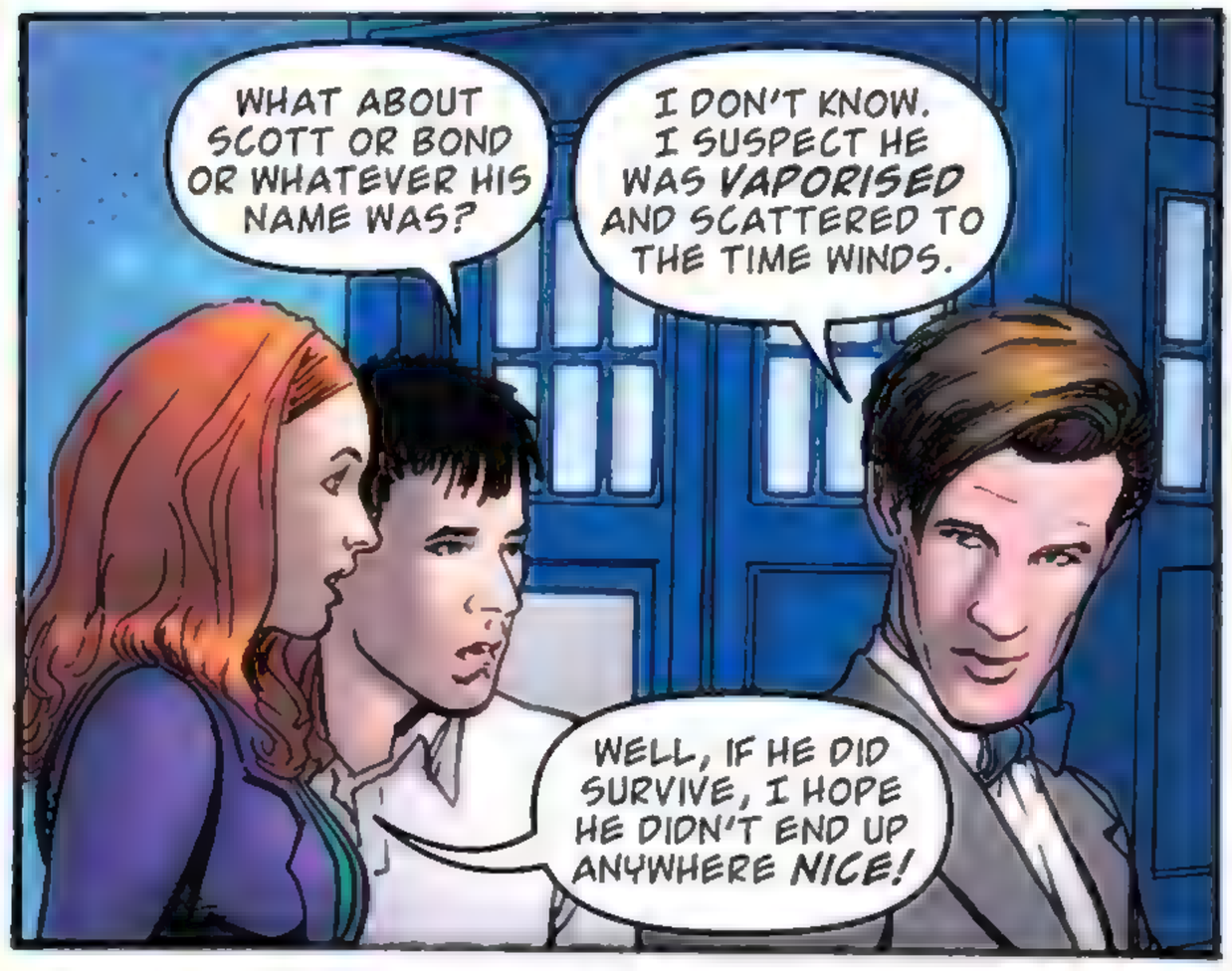
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED. YOU'RE BECOMING YOUNGER. JUST SO YOU CAN SERVE A PROPER LIFE SENTENCE ONCE WE'VE TAKEN YOU TO THE SHADOW PROCLAMATION.

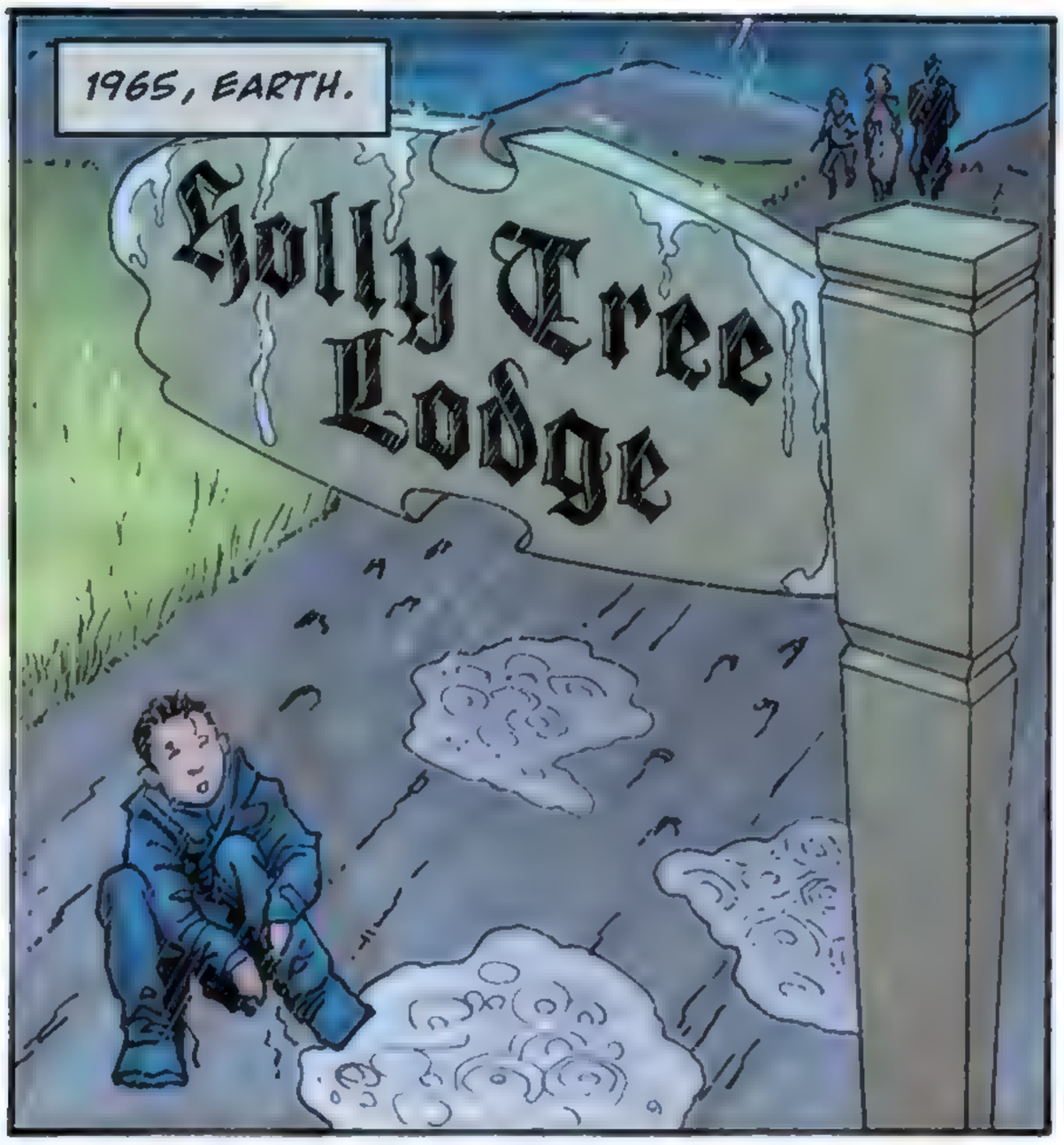
I DON'T THINK SO! TILL WE MEET AGAIN, DOCTOR!
NO! IT WON'T WORK! IT MIGHT BE...

...DANGEROUS.
DOCTOR! PHILIBUS IS DYING!

KEMOS? MOVE THE SHIP! HURRY!
AMY, STAND BACK!
ENTEK, GET YOUR FATHER ONTO THE FOCUS.


AFTER THE SOLSTICE.
PHILIBUS WELL AGAIN, THE RA'RA'VIS AND GIZOU FRIENDS. THE SOLSTICE SAVED. NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK.


WHAT ABOUT SCOTT OR BOND OR WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS?
I DON'T KNOW. I SUSPECT HE WAS VAPORISED AND SCATTERED TO THE TIME WINDS.
WELL, IF HE DID SURVIVE, I HOPE HE DIDN'T END UP ANYWHERE NICE!


1965, EARTH.
Holly Tree Lodge

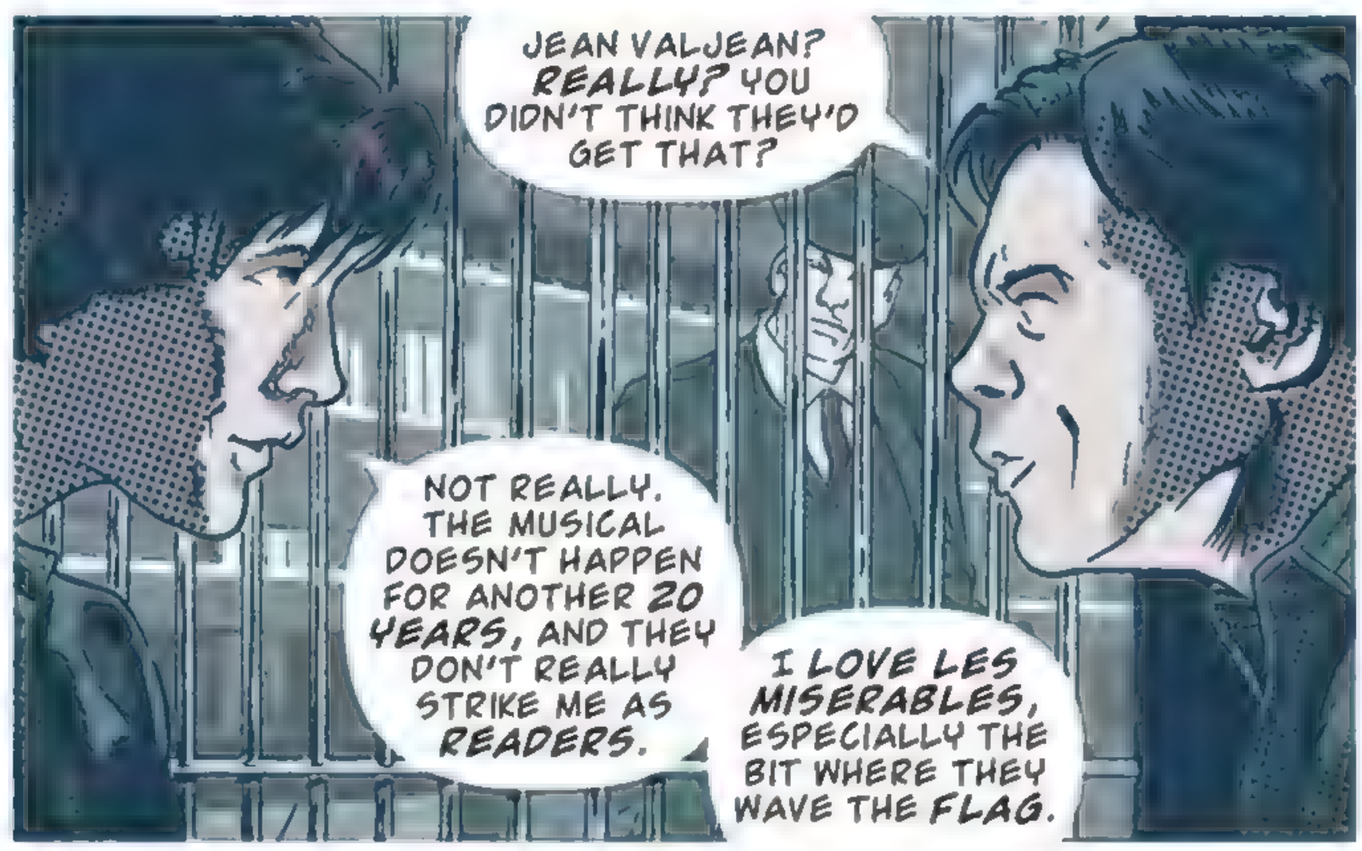
UH... GAH... KIH...
LOOK! IT'S ANOTHER CHILD! HE CAN'T TALK PROPER!

OCH, CLEMENT! GET AWAY!
THE POOR WEE BAIRN...
NAH... DOH... CAH...

SO. NOW WE HAVE TWELVE — JUST LIKE THEY ASKED.
END.

ALCATRAZ PRISON. 1962.
I JUST LOVE WHAT YOU DID HERE. THE HIGH CEILING, THE TIERED STRUCTURE—
SHUT UP. EYES FRONT.
KILLJOY.
ESCAPE INTO ALCATRAZ

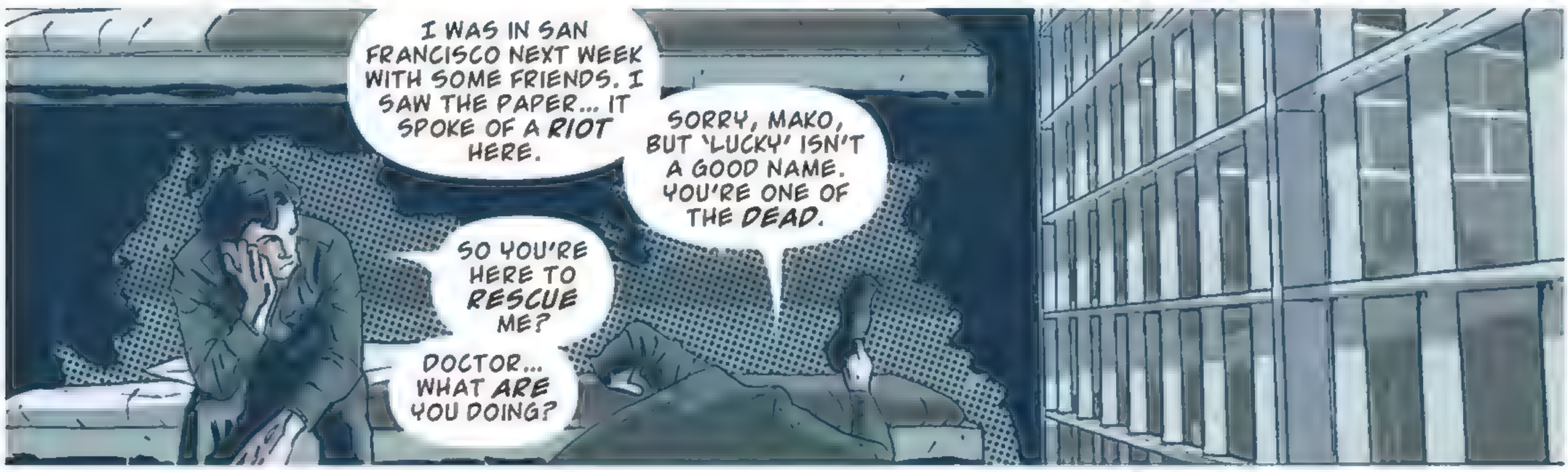
LUCCHESSI! GET UP AND MEET YOUR NEW CELLMATE!
JOHN VALJOHN, PRISONER 24601.
HELLO! 'LUCKY' LUCHESSI, ISN'T IT? I'M SURE WE'LL GET ON FAMOUSLY.


JEAN VALJEAN? REALLY? YOU DIDN'T THINK THEY'D GET THAT?
NOT REALLY. THE MUSICAL DOESN'T HAPPEN FOR ANOTHER 20 YEARS, AND THEY DON'T REALLY STRIKE ME AS READERS.
I LOVE LES MISERABLES, ESPECIALLY THE BIT WHERE THEY WAVE THE FLAG.

HELLO, MAKO. NICE FACE. SHIMMER SUIT?
SO... I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU SAVED MY LIFE AGAINST THOSE ICE PIRATES ON CYGNUS DELTA.
WELL, DOCTOR, I WAS ALWAYS TOLD AS A GUPPY THAT IT WAS GOOD TO HAVE A TIME LORD OWE YOU!

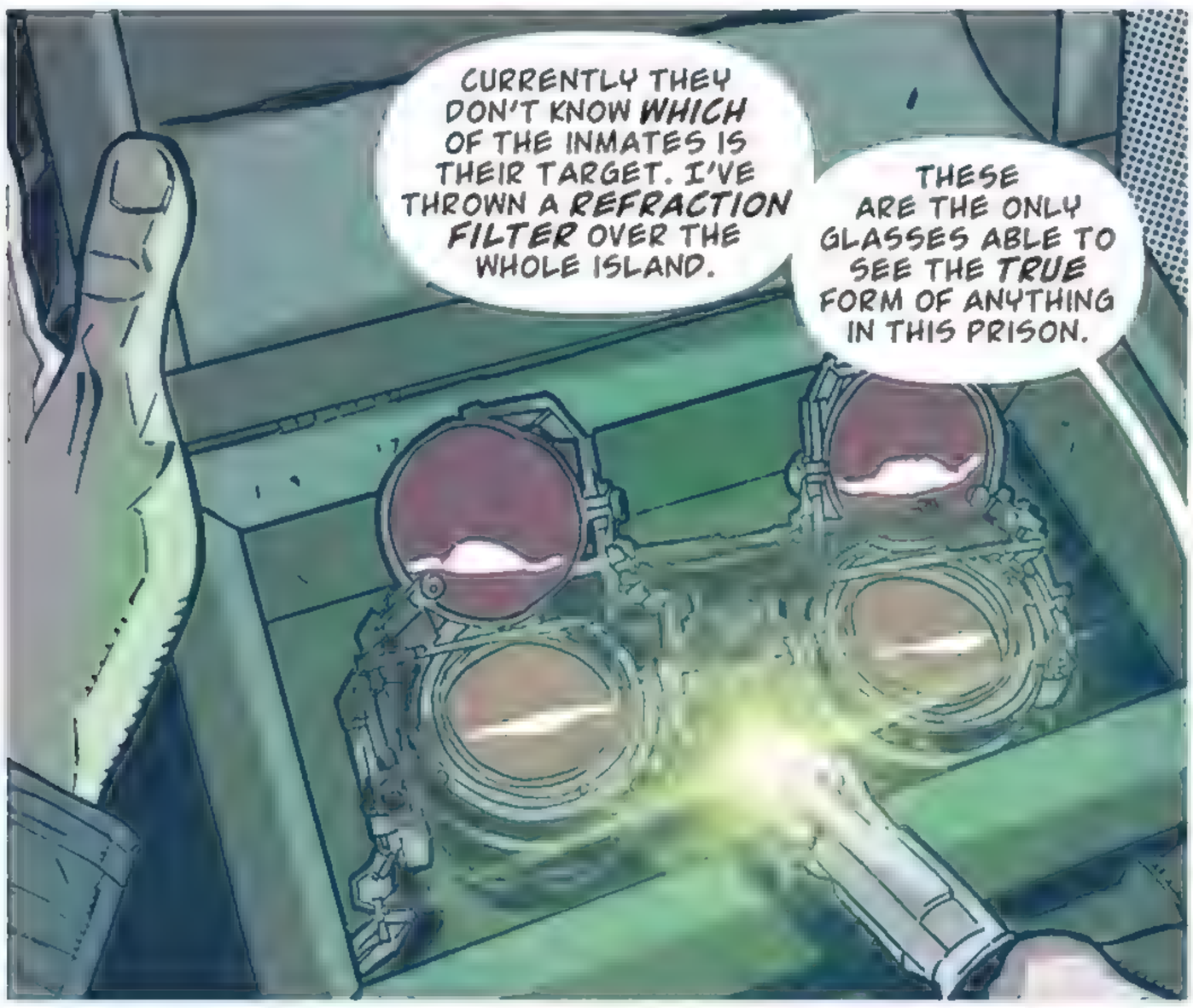
YOU'VE CHANGED FACES, TOO, SINCE I LAST SAW YOU...
COUPLE OF TIMES, ACTUALLY. FIRST I WENT ALL 'GOOD HAIR AND STRIPEY SUIT'. IT DIDN'T TAKE THOUGH.
SO WHY ARE YOU HIDING OUT IN A PRISON IN 1962?

I OWED MONEY TO THE WRONG SILURIAN. DECIDED A DECADE HIDING OUT HERE WAS A PLAN.
NOT A VERY GOOD PLAN, IT SEEMS. YOU'VE A BOUNTY ON YOUR HEAD, AND SOMEONE'S GOING TO COLLECT.


I WAS IN SAN FRANCISCO NEXT WEEK WITH SOME FRIENDS. I SAW THE PAPER... IT SPOKE OF A RIOT HERE.
SORRY, MAKO, BUT 'LUCKY' ISN'T A GOOD NAME. YOU'RE ONE OF THE DEAD.
SO YOU'RE HERE TO RESCUE ME?
DOCTOR... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WELL, WHEN I HEARD THAT YOU DIED, I FOUND OUT YOUR CELL NUMBER, AND THEN CAME BACK WHILE IT WAS BEING BUILT.
AMAZING WHAT A HARD HAT AND A SHEET OF PSYCHIC PAPER CAN DO.
WHAT'S THAT WRITING?

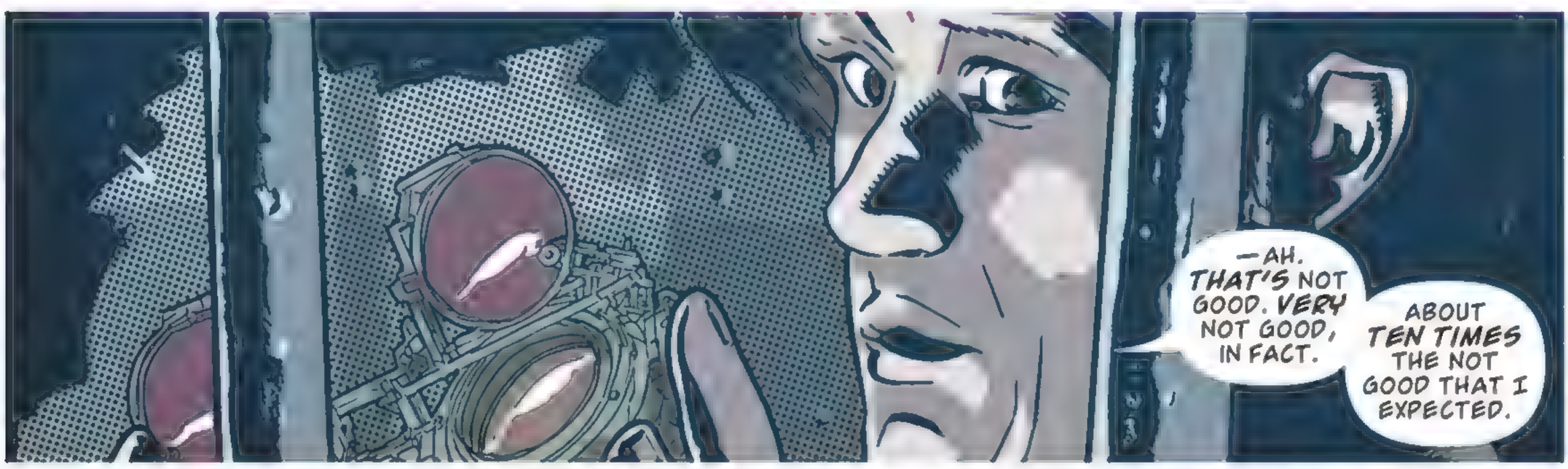
IT'S MY FRIEND'S AMUSING VERSION OF 'X MARKS THE SPOT'.
AMY + RORY
A THIN LAYER OF CONCRETE WITH A BOX OF DELIGHTS BEHIND.
SO YOU'LL BE USING THE PSYCHIC PAPER TO GET US OUT?
NO, TOO RISKY. THE HITMEN WILL ALREADY BE HERE, IN SHIMMER SUITS LIKE YOURS.
THE MOMENT I WAVE PSYCHIC PAPER AT THEM? I'M THROWN INTO SOLITARY AND YOU'RE DEAD.

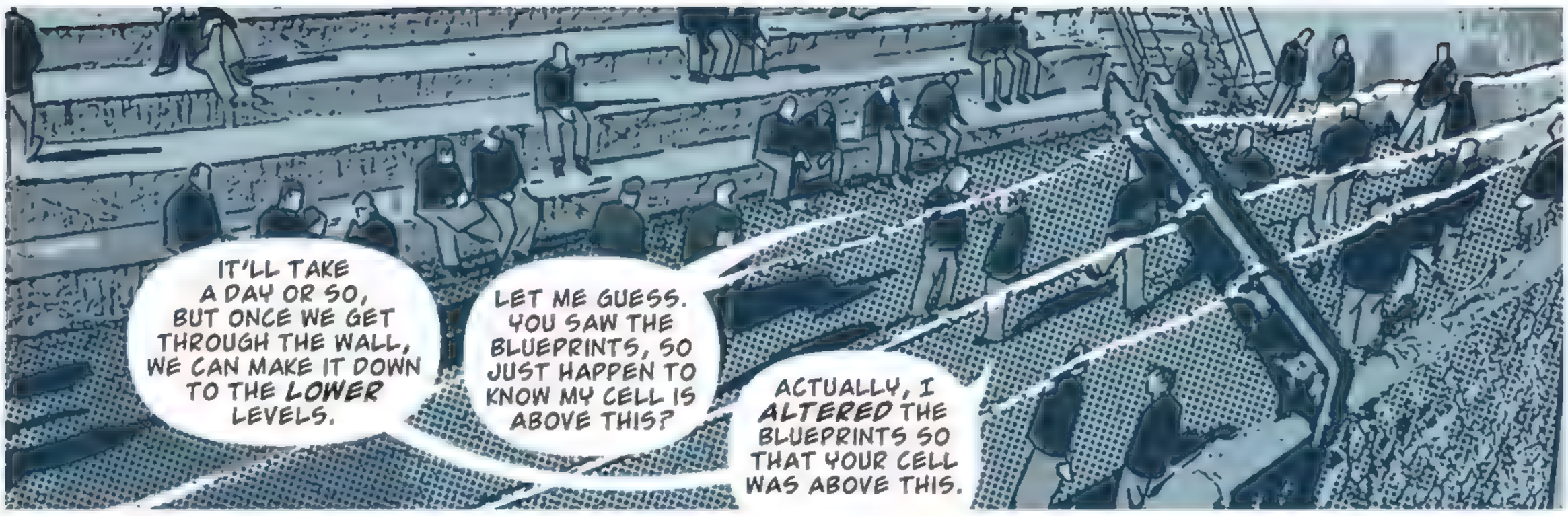

CURRENTLY THEY DON'T KNOW WHICH OF THE INMATES IS THEIR TARGET. I'VE THROWN A REFRACTION FILTER OVER THE WHOLE ISLAND.
THESE ARE THE ONLY GLASSES ABLE TO SEE THE TRUE FORM OF ANYTHING IN THIS PRISON.

GUARD, A PRISONER, THE HITMEN COULD BE ANY OF THESE.
WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT WHILE KEEPING YOU AWAY FROM THEM.

WE CAN'T DO IT TOO PUBLICLY, AND WE CAN'T GET DISCOVERED.

WE'LL USE THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER TO BREAK DOWN THE WALL, PIECE BY PIECE.
THINK THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, BUT WITH COOLER HAIR—


—AH. THAT'S NOT GOOD. VERY NOT GOOD, IN FACT.
ABOUT TEN TIMES THE NOT GOOD THAT I EXPECTED.

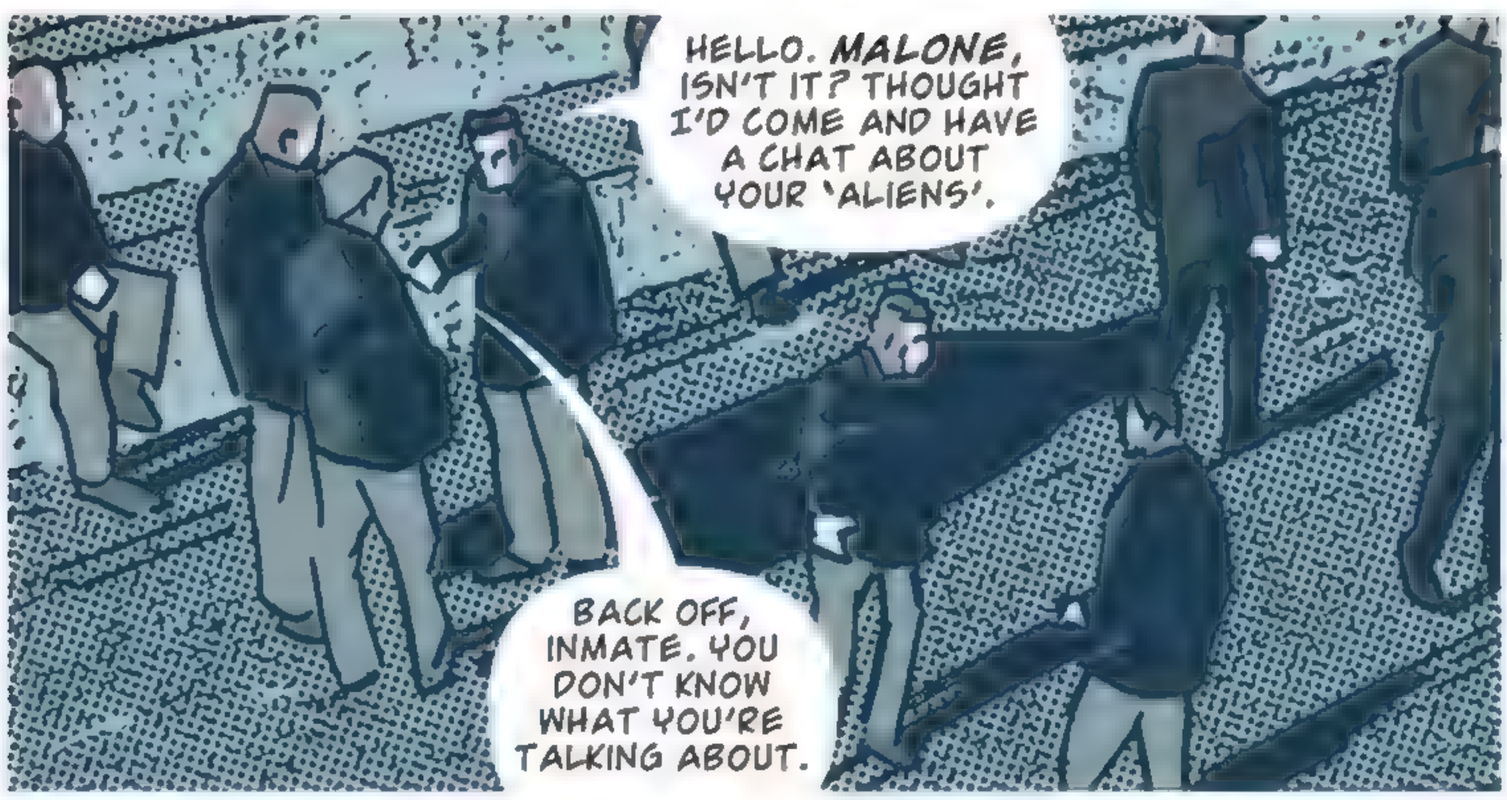

IT'LL TAKE A DAY OR SO, BUT ONCE WE GET THROUGH THE WALL, WE CAN MAKE IT DOWN TO THE LOWER LEVELS.
LET ME GUESS. YOU SAW THE BLUEPRINTS, SO JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW MY CELL IS ABOVE THIS?
ACTUALLY, I ALTERED THE BLUEPRINTS SO THAT YOUR CELL WAS ABOVE THIS.

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER. IT'LL BE TOMORROW WHEN YOU'RE FOUND.
WE'D BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF THE DAY BEFORE ALIEN HITMEN—

ALIENS? YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY THAT WORD TOO CLOSE TO THE KING OF ALCATRAZ.
HE BELIEVES HE WAS TAKEN WHEN HE WAS A KID. PROBED. MADE HIM BECOME THE CRIMINAL HE IS TODAY.

REALLY? BRILLIANT! EXACTLY WHAT WE NEED! I'LL JUST GO HAVE A CHAT!
A CHAT WITH MADMAN MALONE? ARE YOU INSANE?
OH, HE'S DEFINITELY INSANE. I JUST NEVER PEGGED HIM FOR SUICIDAL.

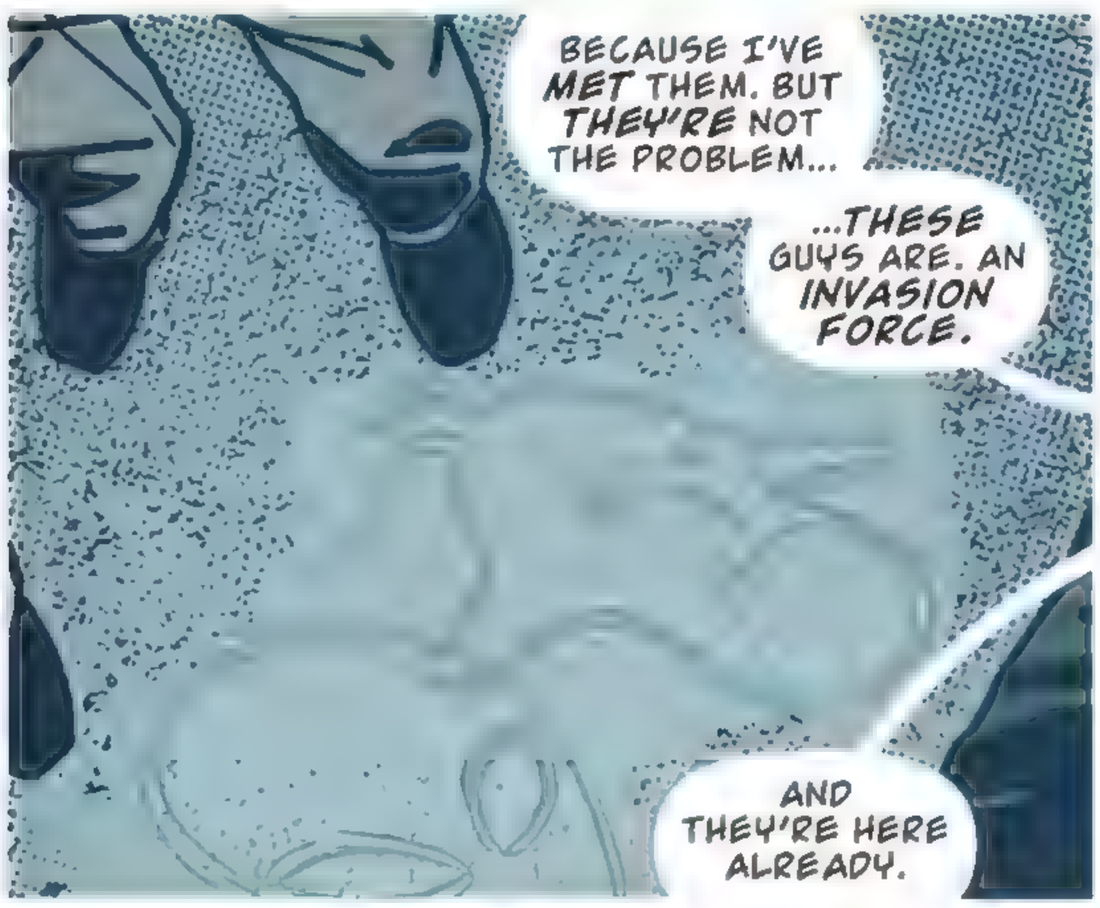
AS I KEEP TELLING—WELL, EVERYONE, REALLY—
—YOU REALLY NEED TO HAVE MORE FAITH IN MY PLANS.


HELLO. MALONE, ISN'T IT? THOUGHT I'D COME AND HAVE A CHAT ABOUT YOUR 'ALIENS'.
BACK OFF, INMATE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

REALLY? I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
JUST LIKE I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TZUN. OR IS IT THE NEDENAH? ALWAYS GET THE TWO CONFUSED.

GREY ALIENS. FIGHT THE VIPEROX.
CRASHED IN ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, A FEW YEARS BACK. LOOK FAMILIAR, MALONE?

THAT'S THEM! HOW DO YOU KNOW?


BECAUSE I'VE MET THEM. BUT THEY'RE NOT THE PROBLEM...
...THESE GUYS ARE. AN INVASION FORCE.
AND THEY'RE HERE ALREADY.

PEOPLE SAY I'M MAD, BUT I KNOW THAT THEY'RE HERE. KILLING. PROBING. INVADING.
I'M CALLED THE DOCTOR. I'M GOING TO STOP THEM.
IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, THEN COUNT ME IN! WHAT DO YOU NEED FROM ME?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT BECAUSE I HAVE A SHOPPING LIST.
AND WHEN THE TIME'S RIGHT, I'LL NEED AN ARMY.

LATER.
HMMMMMM

I THOUGHT YOU'D FINISHED THE DEVICE? THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
WELL, OF COURSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT. I PUT A PERCEPTION FILTER ON. OTHERWISE EVERYONE WOULD BE LOOKING AT IT!
HERE, HOLD THIS SPOON. IT'S A FOCUS.

BY THE FROGSPAWN OF XENELOTH! YOU DID IT! WILL THE HITMEN SEE IT?
IF YOU DIDN'T, THEN THEY WON'T... UNTIL I TURN IT ON.

GOOD, BECAUSE WE'VE GOT VISITORS.
CELL INSPECTION! AGAINST THE WALL!

YEAH, THIS IS MAKO! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
DOCTOR! HELP!

MALONE! IT'S TIME! THE ALIENS ARE HERE!

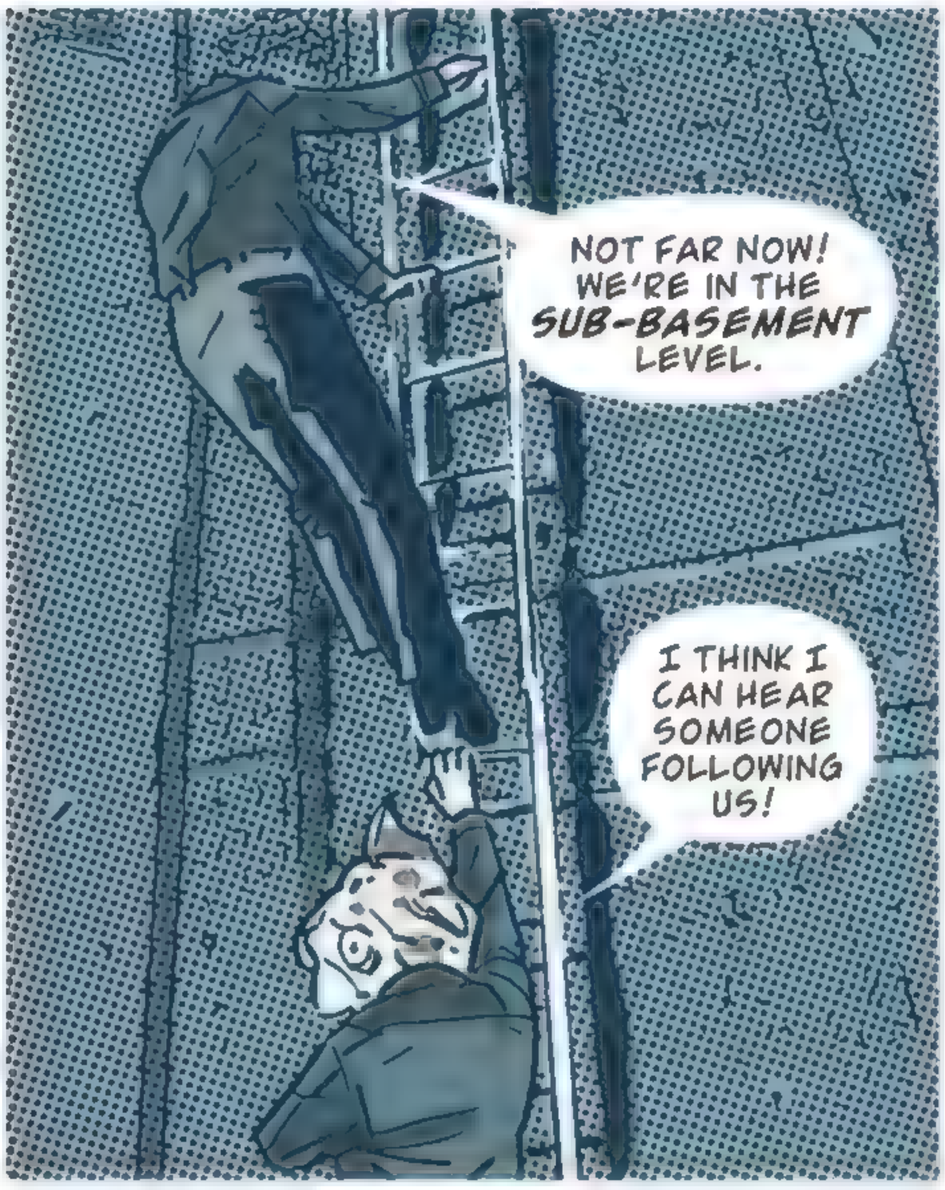
WHERE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, DOCTOR!
THEY'RE ALL AROUND YOU!

WHOOPS! MY MISTAKE! HOW ABOUT NOW?
WHAT THE—?! HE'S USING SONICS TO ALTER THE FREQUENCIES! STOP HIM!
THEY'RE BAD ALIENS! I'M A GOOD ALIEN!

RARRGHHH
RIOT
ALIENS! DON'T LET THEM PROBE YOU!

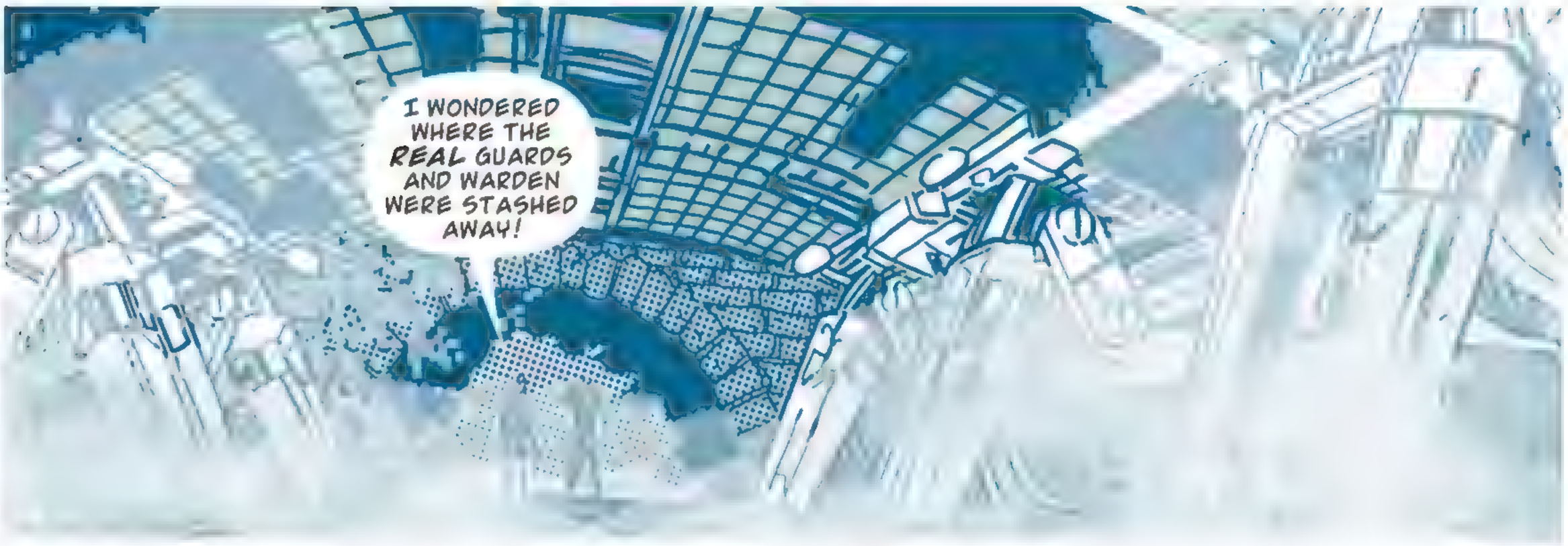
IT'S CHAOS OUT THERE!
IT'S A GOOD JOB WE'RE LEAVING THEN! COME ON!

HE'S ESCAPING! STOP HIM!
I WON'T LET YOU EAT MY BRAIN!


NOT FAR NOW! WE'RE IN THE SUB-BASEMENT LEVEL.
I THINK I CAN HEAR SOMEONE FOLLOWING US!

OH, PROBABLY. THEY ARE HITMEN, AFTER ALL. YOU'RE A BONUS PAYOUT.

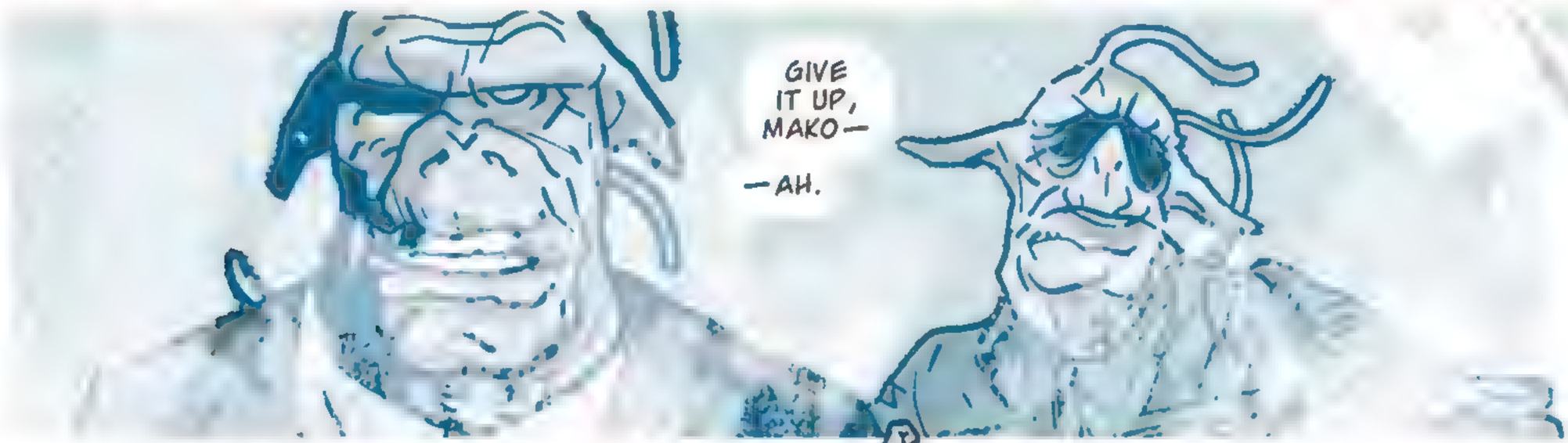
WHAT WE NEED IS A DISTRACTION FOR THEM...
...AHA!


I WONDERED WHERE THE REAL GUARDS AND WARDEN WERE STASHED AWAY!

COME ON! WAKEY WAKEY! DON'T WANT TO MISS THE ALIEN INVASION AND THE PRISON RIOT!

ARE YOU SURE THEY CAME DOWN HERE?
MAKES SENSE. WE'RE AN ISLAND. THE SEA'S DOWN HERE.

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE DOCTOR. YOU'RE THE WARDEN. MAKO THERE'S A BLOWFISH.
THE PEOPLE ABOUT TO ARRIVE? THEY'RE COMMIE ALIENS, AND THEY'RE TAKING OVER YOUR PRISON.

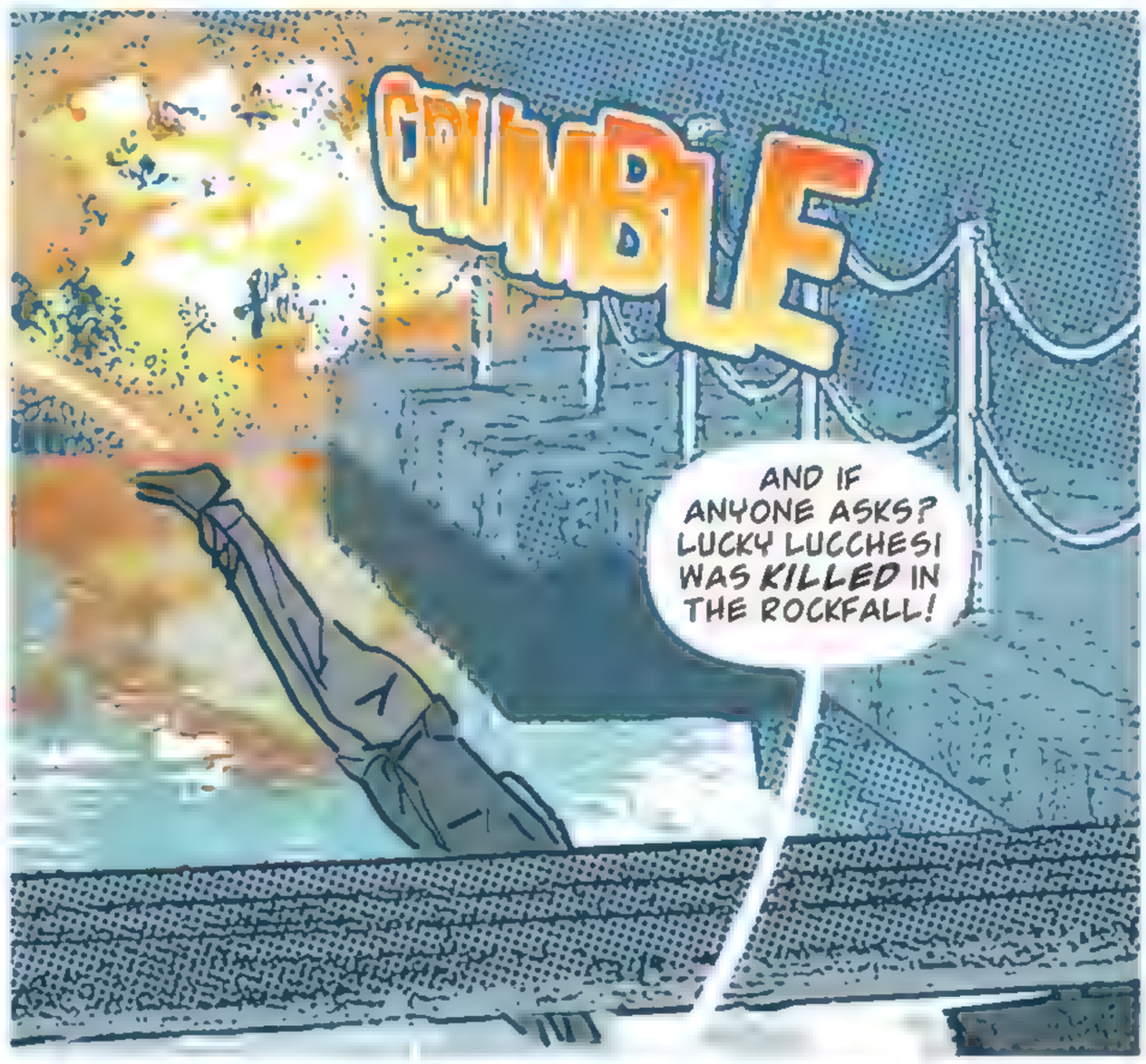

GIVE IT UP, MAKO—
—AH.

GET THE COMMIE ALIENS!

LET ME GUESS, MORE TIME TRAVEL?
I'VE TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN, MAKO, I THINK OF EVERYTHING!

EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT I'M A BLOWFISH. AND THAT I CAN BREATHE UNDERWATER.
WELL, I'M NOT OMNISCIENT OR ANYTHING.

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE TUNNEL? WHAT IF THE HITMEN FIND IT?
NOT GOING TO HAPPEN. ONE-TIME DOOR ONLY.
CLICK

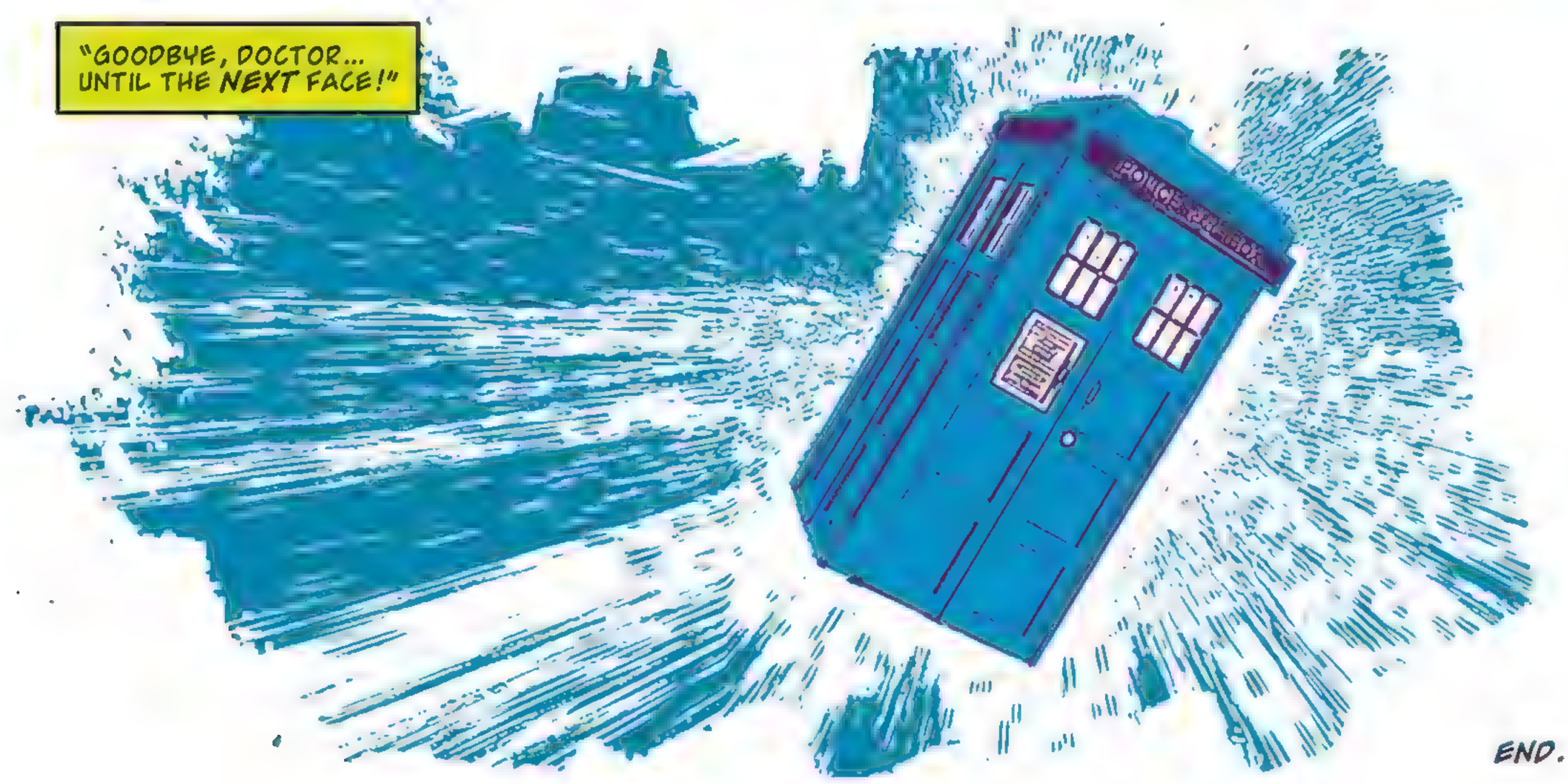

CRUMBLE
AND IF ANYONE ASKS? LUCKY LUCCHESI WAS KILLED IN THE ROCKFALL!

LATER. PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.
WITH THE PAPER ANNOUNCING YOU AS DEAD AND THE HITMEN ESCAPING TO THEIR SHIP, YOU'VE GOT A CLEAN SHEET AGAIN.
FOR THE MOMENT, THAT IS. ONCE THE HITMEN FIND ME AGAIN—
POLICE BOX
POLICE BOX

AH YES, THE HITMEN. I TOLD THEM WHERE YOU'D BE. HERE THEY COME NOW.
YOU DID WHAT?!

THANKS FOR COMING. HERE'S TOMORROW'S PAPER. AS YOU CAN SEE, LUCKY HERE IS LEGALLY DEAD.
THAT'LL BE ENOUGH PROOF TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY, YES?
THE CLIENT WON'T BE HAPPY ABOUT IT, BUT CONSIDERING WHAT YOU THREATENED US WITH, I'LL AGREE.

WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THEM?
I TOLD THEM I'D MAKE IT MY LIFE'S MISSION TO FOLLOW THEM AROUND, TELLING EVERYONE THAT THEY WERE HITMEN. SURPRISINGLY, THEY DIDN'T LIKE THAT IDEA.
GOOD LUCK, MAKO. SEE YOU AROUND.


"GOODBYE, DOCTOR... UNTIL THE NEXT FACE!"
POLICE BOX
END.

EAGLE OF THE REICH

AMY, RORY—ALLOW ME TO PRESENT THE MIRACLE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE...

...THE GREAT EXHIBITION!

UM. IT LOOKS A BIT...

...CLOSED.

CLOSED

I'M SO GLAD YOU PULLED US AWAY FROM OUR *WEDDING ANNIVERSARY* FOR THIS.

BUT IT'S FINE. IT'S *FINE*...

...IT'S NOT LIKE I'D PREPARED A SURPRISE TRIP TO MAJORCA OR ANYTHING.

INTERESTING. RIGHT BUILDING, WRONG LOCATION.

HANG ON, HOW DOES THAT WORK? ARE YOU SAYING SOMEBODY'S MOVED THE *BUILDING*?

THIS IS THE *CRYSTAL PALACE*, ALL RIGHT. DESIGNED BY JOSEPH PAXTON TO HOUSE THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT HYDE PARK IN 1851.

BUT AFTERWARDS THEY DISASSEMBLED THE ENTIRE PALACE AND RECONSTRUCTED IT *HERE* IN SOUTH LONDON.

I'VE BEEN TO CRYSTAL PALACE. SAW LEDWORTH FOOTBALL CLUB PLAY THE EAGLES HERE IN 2005.

ACTUALLY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE *YET*. THIS IS *1936*.

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT PULLED US OFF COURSE? SOME SORT OF *ENERGY DRAIN...?*

SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED SUNDAYS.
QUITE RIGHT! AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE WITH THE, UH...
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARCHAEOLOGY! YOU MUST BE LOOKING FOR THEM FOREIGN-SOUNDING TYPES.
COME ON THEN, FOLLOW ME...

'...I'LL TAKE YOU TO 'EM.'
HELLO, I'M THE DOCTOR. YOU MUST BE THE FOREIGN-SOUNDING TYPES!

DR. SOPHIE RENARD OF THE SOCIETE ARCHEOLOGIQUE. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US. WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE LOST PNEUMATIC RAILWAY...
...A MECHANISM OF GREAT HISTORIC VALUE, AS I AM SURE YOU ARE AWARE!
OOH, I LOVE TRAINS. EVERYONE LOVES TRAINS.
IT'S UNDER THE OLD EMBANKMENT, AS I RECALL!

I TOLD YOU IT WAS BEHIND THIS WALL! THE OLD PNEUMATIC RAILWAY, DESIGNED BY THOMAS WEBSTER RAMMELL IN 1864.
THE QUESTION IS: WHY DID THEY SEAL IT UP...?

AH. MR. RAMMELL, I PRESUME.
WHAT'S THAT IN HIS HANDS? IT LOOKS LIKE A FOOTBALL.
EXCEPT IF YOU TOUCH THIS FOOTBALL WITH YOUR BARE HANDS, THE PENALTY IS YOUR LIFE.

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, HERR DOCTOR.

STEP AWAY!

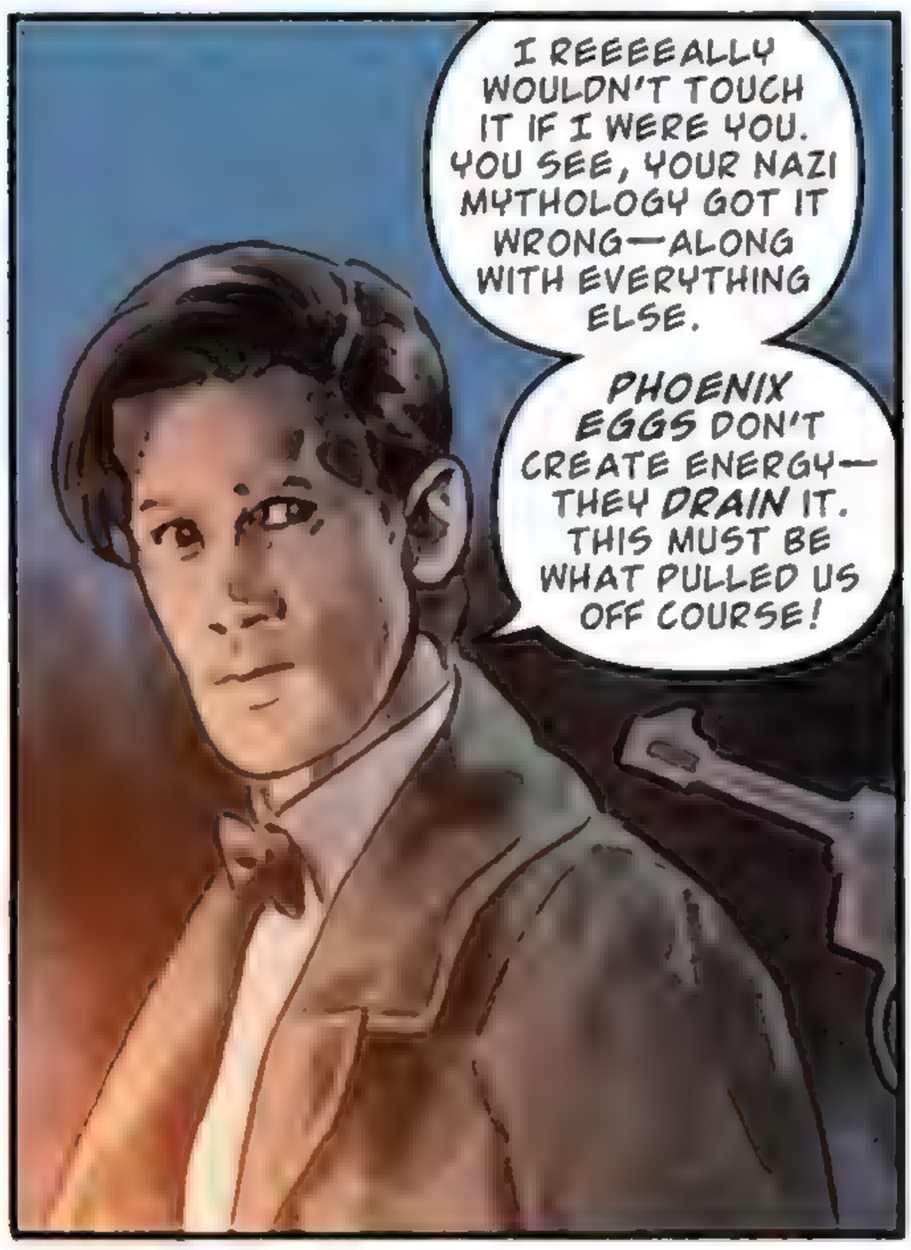
GUNS. HOW DREARILY PREDICTABLE, DR. RENARD.

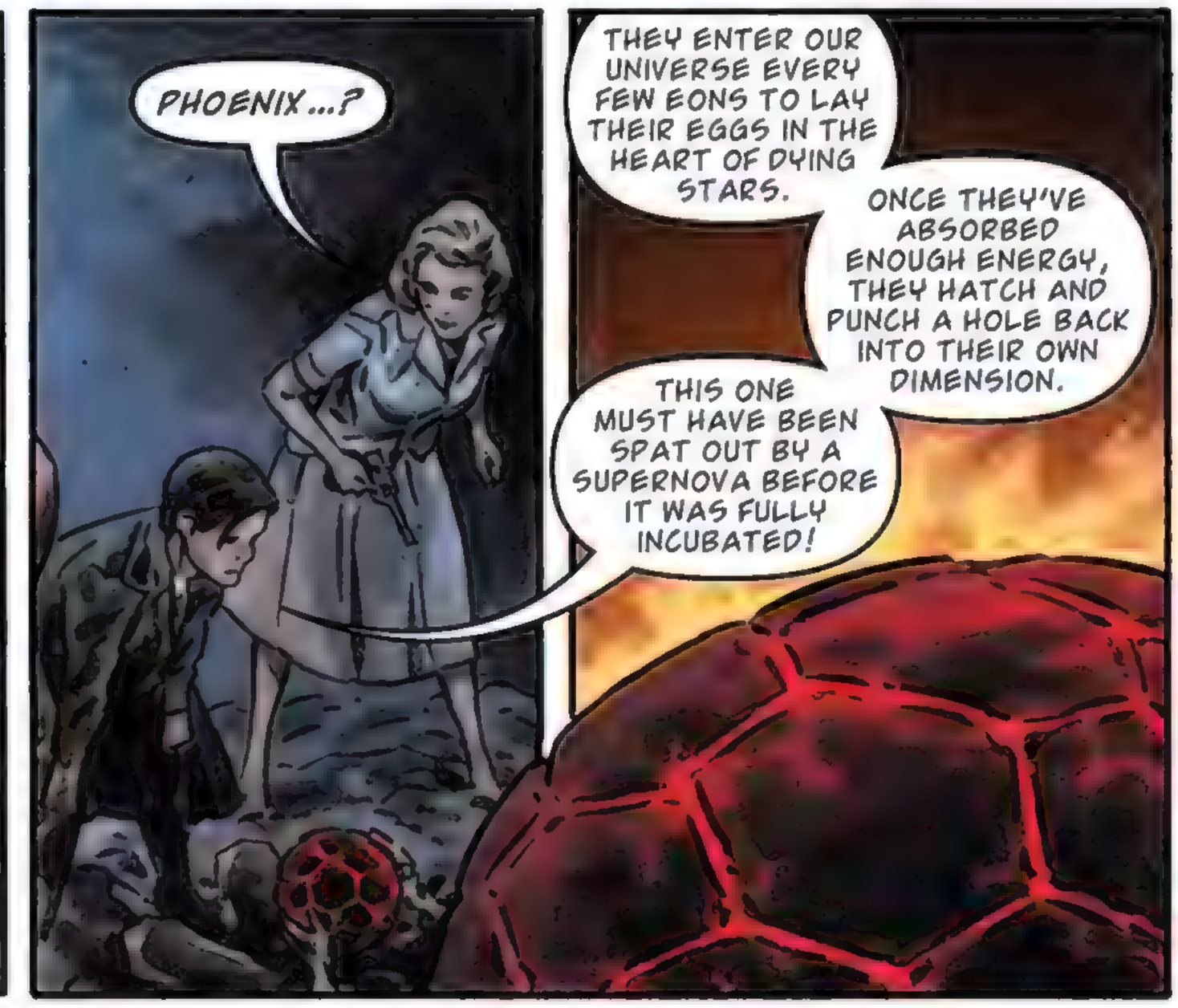
OR SHOULD I SAY...

...PROFESSOR KRIEMHILDE STEINER OF THE *NAZI BLACK SCIENCE DIVISION!*

I AM IMPRESSED, HERR DOCTOR.

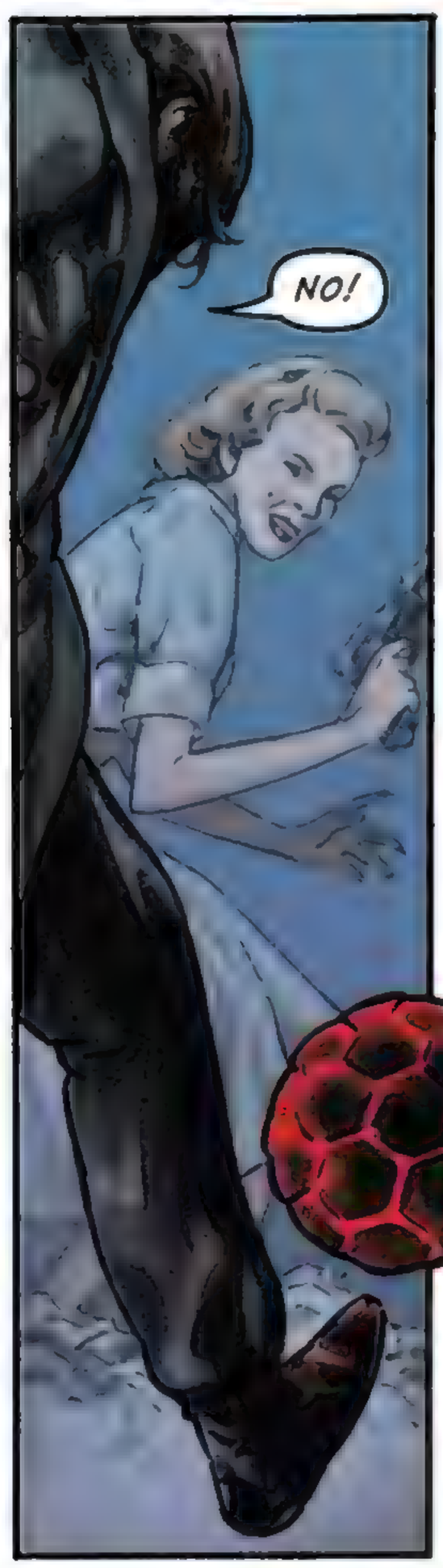
BUT IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, THEN YOU KNOW THE EAGLE OF ULTIMA THULE IS THE ULTIMATE ENERGY SOURCE—AND THE KEY TO THE GLORY OF THE THOUSAND-YEAR REICH!

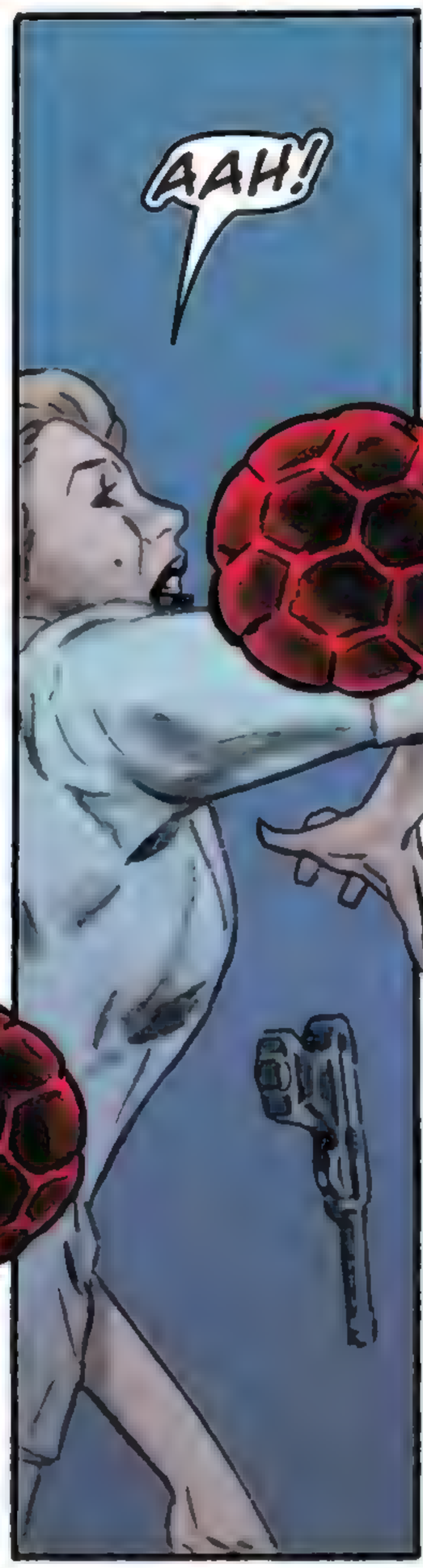




POOR OLD RAMMELL MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE IT DOWN HERE WHEN IT ABSORBED HIS LIFE ENERGY.
AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT'S JUST ABOUT READY TO POP!

LIES AND FAIRY TALES.
GIVE IT TO ME!


NO!


AAH!

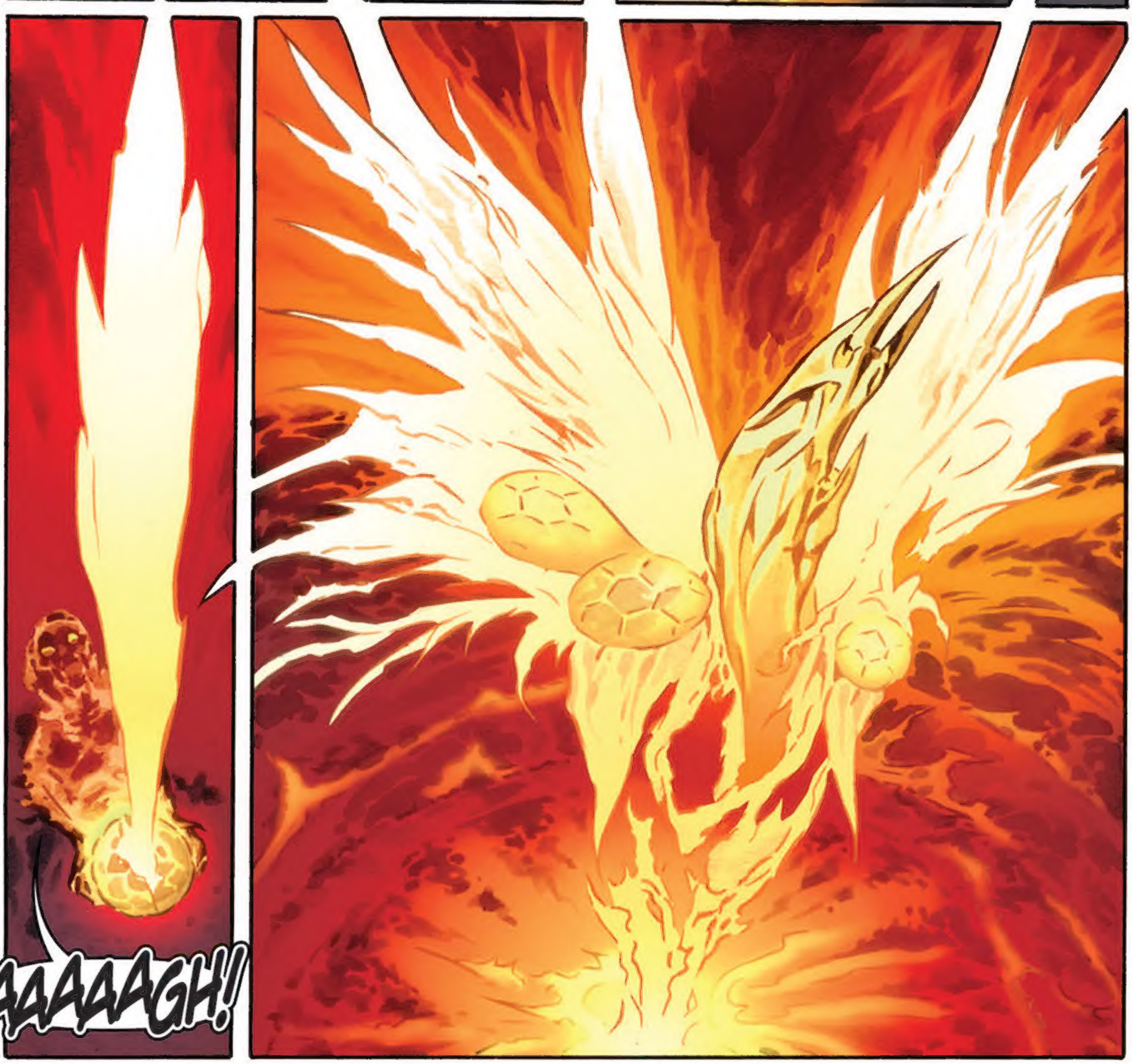
PASS IT! PASS IT!

STOP THIS INANITY, YOU BRITISH FOOLS!
BUT THERE'S STILL EVERYTHING TO PLAY FOR!

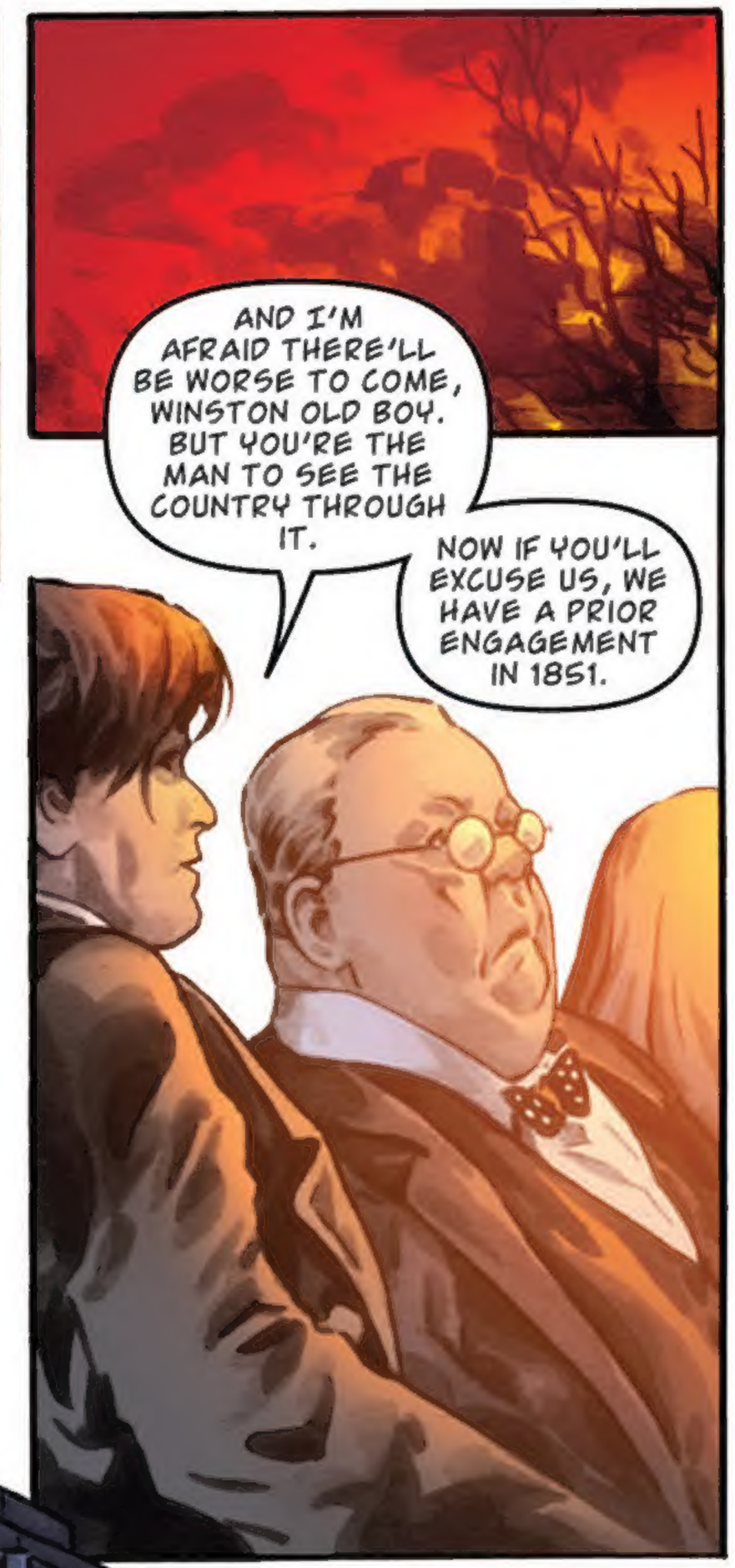
HE SHOOTS—
—HE SCORES!

IT'S MINE!
OH, THIS ISN'T GOING TO END WELL. COME ON...
...RUN!

AT LAST! THE EAGLE OF THE REICH SHALL CAST ITS SHADOW ACROSS THE EARTH!


AAAAAGH!

TRULY, DOCTOR, THIS IS THE END OF AN ERA.


AND I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE WORSE TO COME, WINSTON OLD BOY. BUT YOU'RE THE MAN TO SEE THE COUNTRY THROUGH IT.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE HAVE A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT IN 1851.

POLICE BOX
WHAT ABOUT THE PHOENIX?
TUNNELLED BACK TO ITS OWN DIMENSION. DON'T WORRY, IT WON'T BE BACK 'TIL YOUR SUN'S READY TO GO SUPERNOVA.
COME ON. I PROMISED TO SHOW YOU THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN ITS HEYDAY...

...WHO'S UP FOR OPENING NIGHT?
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH IN DOCTOR WHO #1!

DOCTOR WHO
#1
NEXT
MONTH!

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